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THE ERRINGTON IMBROGLIO.

ANY disappointment which may have been felt at the absence of a statement from Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday night as to the intentions of the Government must have been forgotten during the course of the evening. Even independently of the ERRINGTON matter, the PRIME MINISTER exhibited some remarkable relapses into peculiarities which have for a short time been somewhat less noticeable in him. The interesting phrase of a "departmental promise" with which he enriched the English language in the matter of the *Times*' indiscretions may match with his threat to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE published earlier in the week. Political threatening is a very ugly thing, and unfortunately it is rather Mr. GLADSTONE'S way to threaten. The most recent example of this proclivity (which in politics, as in other things, testifies to a combination of tyrannical intention and conscious impotence) occurs in a letter to one of the officious bodies that take their political views from Mr. SCHNADHORST'S hektograph. Some Liverpool Liberals, whose taking of the name of an honourable party in vain is on their own head, had passed an impertinent resolution commenting on some recent words of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S as "utterly subversive of the foundation of popular and constitutional government." There would appear to be some hazy views of constitutional government in Liverpool and its neighbourhood, for it is not very long since a person of the name of GASKELL (unless memory plays tricks) avowed his preference for a despotism directed by Mr. GLADSTONE over free government directed by the Tory leaders. But in this present instance the Liverpool Liberals have transgressed the foundation rules of popular and constitutional government particularly as well as generally. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S words on the occasion referred to have been diversely reported; but the strongest report on the Radical side did not go beyond the attribution to him of the sentiment that a certain amount of what is commonly called obstruction is in a considerable minority both justifiable and indeed advisable. No one who is not utterly blinded by partisan zeal can controvert this position. The *tu quoque* as regards Liberal action in the last Parliament is of course at the service of any Tory who condescends to avail himself of it; but no Tory, much less any impartial critic, is driven to that resource. Obstruction in the strict sense, the avowed obstruction *à outrance*, which aims not at the delay and frustration of particular measures, but at the general reduction of legislation to a standstill, is of course utterly indefensible. But in the more general sense in which alone Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S words can fairly be taken, obstruction is not only the right but the duty of the Opposition. If it does not think the policy of the Government wrong in more points than one, and in those points prejudicial to the interests of the country, it has no business to oppose; it is bound to migrate in a body to the Ministerial benches below the gangway. If it does think the Government to be doing or intending harm to the country, it is bound to prevent that harm "by every means in its power," a phrase which can be traced to more than one pair of the most immaculately Liberal lips. As for the "Liverpool Liberals," they can be reduced *ad absurdum*—their natural position, perhaps—in a very simple fashion. According to their conception of politics, Parliament should have

one grand field-day at the beginning of the Session, the planks of the Government platform should be produced, and a vote taken. The minority might then "go play" in another sense of Sir JACOB ASTLEY'S famous words, and debate and division thenceforward would be superfluous and absurd.

In the ERRINGTON matter the mismanagement which has reduced Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues to this condition of vapouring and ill-temper is conspicuously evident. It is very natural that the so-called National Party in Ireland should be extremely angry at the recent Papal Circular. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who was understood to have been originally returned for Longford by the priests, has commented on it more or less temperately, and Mr. JOHN DILLON more or less intemperately. "The miserable clique of pauper landlords," "the unholy alliance," "the horrible system of falsehood and slander," and all the rest of Mr. DILLON'S flowers of speech are suitable tags of Irish eloquence, of a piece, and not more than of a piece, with the usual "cross-headings" in large print with which the Irish sub-editor of an American newspaper diversifies and decorates his columns. On the face of it, and supposing the Government to have pursued an open and aboveboard system of play in their relations with Rome, no reasonable or loyal Englishman has any business to quarrel with their establishment of relations with the head *de facto*, if not *de jure*, of the religious hierarchy of the larger part of the Irish people. But it is notorious that the game has not been played openly or aboveboard. Fertile as Mr. GLADSTONE'S second Premiership has been in specimens of the more disreputable casuistry, few things have given more interesting examples of that questionable art or science than the history of Mr. ERRINGTON'S relations with Rome. There is much excuse for Mr. GLADSTONE. *Apparebant diræ facies*—the irate Protestant-Nonconformist on one side and the irate Ultramontane-Nationalist on the other. To tell truth and shame the devil and the dire faces has never been Mr. GLADSTONE'S motto, and he accordingly enveloped himself, a good many months ago, in a kind of shepherd's plaid—a Gladstone maud—of white, grey, and black equivocations. The worst of this particular garment is that it is never sold for ready money, and that the price when the bill is at last sent in is always very heavy. Had Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE been somewhat more open at a time when there was nothing to prevent them from being so, they would have escaped all sorts of inconvenient interrogations at a time when it is very far from convenient. Any handle is good for the Irish malcontents which they can work so as to diminish the effect of the Circular, and no handle can well be more convenient than that furnished by the clandestine character of the ERRINGTON negotiations. To keep the classic description of these dealings, it may be said that diplomacy by an *agente raccomandato* is diplomacy not to be recommended to any prudent Government which may be called upon to defend the agents it has employed.

The actual discussion on Thursday illustrated this wholesome moral in a manner which might satisfy the sternest moralist. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE floundering, with Mr. GLADSTONE'S eye on him, through the mire of unaccustomed evasion must have been a sufficiently awful example to aspiring young politicians who covet subordinate office. The successive pounces made by critics, who were by no means all Tories or all Irishmen, on the possibly ambiguous phrases in Lord EDMOND'S replies would

have been amusing if they had not been somewhat humiliating. It is not altogether pleasant to think that there is a Government in England which cannot give a promise without the promisee examining it uncomfortably to see whether it is only a departmental one, or make an assertion without the recipient of that assertion applying to it all the rules of fallacy from the end of the logic book before he is satisfied as to its meaning. How hopeless the position of the Government is from the controversial point of view can hardly be better appreciated than by examining the words of their defenders. The *Times*, perhaps in gratitude for the remarkable privileges the secret of which Lord HARTINGTON let out, undertakes to formulate the matter so as to carry conviction of the Government's innocence to all fair-minded men. "We have no reason whatever for doubting the truth of what we stated when Mr. ERRINGTON first went to Rome—namely, that he has never received any sort of commission, formal or informal, to represent the British Government at the Vatican. He has simply been employed as any other gentleman in his position might have been to convey authentic information on subjects of interest concerning the Roman Catholic subjects of the QUEEN." That is to say, Mr. ERRINGTON has had no commission to represent, but he has been employed authentically to inform. His information does not come from the British Government; but it is authentic. He is not commissioned; but he is employed. He does not represent; but he makes authentic representations. Is it wonderful that, if this is the best defence that can be made of the statements of Lord GRANVILLE, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, members of Parliament should be a little anxious for a new dictionary of Parliamentary synonyms, and should endeavour to get the materials of one together by diligent questioning of these masters of departmental assertion?

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

SOUTH AFRICA continues to furnish illustrations of the evils which follow from a policy of sentiment and cant. Bishop COLENSO, the Aborigines' Protection Society, the sympathizers with Boer independence, the Peace fanatics, and Lord KIMBERLEY, have all contributed their respective shares to the promotion of anarchy and bloodshed. The Transvaal Government gravely announces the decision of the plundered Bechuana chieftains to submit themselves to its beneficent rule; and the English Ministers are invited to modify or abolish the Convention which was ostensibly designed for the protection of the natives against the cupidity and injustice of the Boers. It is true that the real purpose of the agreement was to cover a discreditable retreat. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues can scarcely have believed that the victorious rebels would redeem pledges which were not even seriously exacted. It would nevertheless be an additional imprudence to release the Transvaal Government from its engagements. It is true that the observance of good faith could only be secured at a heavy and disproportionate cost; but circumstances may hereafter change, and the Boers may once more be compelled to invite the aid of the Imperial and Colonial Governments. According to a late report, some of the Zulus have lately made incursions into the Transvaal; and the Dutch farmers must be unpleasantly reminded of their disastrous war with SECOCOENI. It is possible that the maintenance of a nominal protectorate may serve in some degree as a security to the natives. It is well that the Bechuanas and other oppressed tribes should regard the English as their natural allies, and that territorial encroachments should be considered as violations, not only of moral right, but of international law. The Boers have assuredly no claim to the favourable consideration of the English Government. They have for some time past made wanton attacks on one of two native combatants, whose quarrel with a neighbouring chief had probably been fostered by themselves, and they have appropriated lands belonging to both the combatants. The details of the wrong and violence which have been perpetrated are fully recorded in the Blue-books. Every crime which has been committed is directly or indirectly the consequence of the surrender which followed the defeat at Majuba. Mr. FORSTER in his eloquent speech proved not that the Government ought to engage in war with the Transvaal, but that the Cabinet of which he was a member undertook in 1880 responsibilities which must

now be repudiated. It would, as Lord DERBY too candidly declared, be costly to punish the Boers for their breaches of the Convention; and it would be almost impossible to give permanent protection to the native tribes. It is not known whether Mr. GLADSTONE meant to perform the promises which he has broken. If he was not insincere he was lamentably short-sighted, for the dishonourable surrender has produced its natural consequence. Mr. FORSTER, although he nominally concurred in the policy of his colleagues, cannot reasonably be accused of active complicity. His own department gave him more than sufficient occupation; and the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland cannot take an active share in colonial affairs.

The policy which has been pursued in Zululand, if less disgraceful, has been equally shortsighted and mischievous. The Zulu war was indefensible; but the evil which had been done could not be corrected by a reversal of the settlement which followed the defeat of CETEWAYO. It was unfortunate that he should suffer in consequence of no greater crime than that of defending his independence against an aggressor; but kings, whether civilized or barbarous, must be content to sacrifice their personal interests to the welfare of nations; and the honour of the English Government was pledged to the chiefs among whom the Zulu country was divided. With the exception of a few petty skirmishes, the peace of Zululand was unbroken from the battle of Ulundi to the restoration of CETEWAYO; and there has never been reason to believe that the people in any degree regretted the overthrow of the reigning dynasty. A number of petty chiefs who visited Natal in compliance with a suggestion of Bishop COLENSO were incorrectly described as a deputation. The message which it was supposed to convey was delivered, not to the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, but to the BISHOP; but a body of English philanthropists took the opportunity of urging on the Colonial Office the expediency of gratifying the imaginary longing of the Zulus for the return of their banished sovereign. There was, in fact, no such feeling in the country; and loyal attachment to the dynasty would have been unintelligible to those whom it was said to actuate. Those who knew the natives best represented as universal their belief that the defeat and dissolution of the army put an end to the claims of its hereditary leader. The tribes which had been consolidated by CETEWAYO's predecessors into a military State reverted on his defeat to their original independence. The government of the petty chiefs seemed a more normal arrangement than the discipline which had converted the whole population into an army. The opinion that CETEWAYO commanded no voluntary allegiance even during the term of his prosperity was confirmed by the peaceable obedience of a part of the Zulu nation to the Government of a handful of whites in Natal. The Zulus in the colony outnumber the English inhabitants in the proportion of twenty to one; and yet they have neither rebelled nor sought to ally themselves with their countrymen beyond the border. Many of them would have migrated into Zululand proper if they could have been assured of the continued protection of the English Government; but their interests and those of the Zulu nation in general proved to be less interesting to Bishop COLENSO and his benevolent associates than the personal grievances of the banished KING.

All competent authorities concurred in the conviction that the restoration of CETEWAYO would be as injurious to his subjects as it was obviously unjust to his successors. The white inhabitants of Natal petitioned almost unanimously against the measure; and Sir HENRY BULWER in more than one weighty despatch justified his concurrence in the opinion of his colonists. It would perhaps have been inconsistent with official etiquette that the Minister at home should enter into a direct controversy with a subordinate; but if the restoration had been advisable, it would have been possible in some formal manner to explain the reasons which had induced the Imperial Government to overrule the judgment of the colonists and of its own trusted agents. Lord KIMBERLEY never condescended to avail himself of the opportunity. In spite of warning and remonstrance, he invited CETEWAYO to England with the obvious intention of restoring him to his former position. Finding that the Minister was inaccessible to advice, Sir HENRY BULWER urged the expediency and the justice of taking under English protection a considerable district of Zululand adjoining the colony of Natal. The territory to be annexed was de-

scribed on a map, and it is not surprising that the severance of so large a part of his dominions would be resented by CETEWAYO; but it was equally certain that he would be dissatisfied with any curtailment, however small, of his former possessions. There was every reason to trust Sir HENRY BULWER's local knowledge, and it was, as he suggested, evident that it was proper to provide for those chiefs of provinces who might be unwilling to submit to CETEWAYO. Lord KIMBERLEY at once cut off one half of the designated territory, as usual without assigning any reason for his decision. It is perhaps because he was not compensated for the loss of his power that one brother of CETEWAYO, who had been one of the independent chiefs, has joined in the civil war which now supplies a significant comment on Lord KIMBERLEY's policy.

On one point Sir HENRY BULWER's recommendations found favour with his peremptory chief. USITEBU, chief of the most northerly province of Zululand, seemed capable, both by the extent of his resources and by the remoteness of his position, of offering a successful resistance to the restored KING. It was therefore determined that the strong man armed should be left in undisturbed possession of his castle. It was possible that CETEWAYO might acquiesce in the independence of USITEBU, and at the worst, the two claimants would have to fight for the disputed territory. When CETEWAYO was already assured of his immediate restoration, but before the decision was formally announced, Lord KIMBERLEY caused him to go through the idle form of professing assent to the conditions on which he was to recover his throne. On two occasions, in England and again at the Cape, CETEWAYO affixed his mark to the document of restoration; but he showed his candour by protesting loudly both against the reservation of territory in the South and against the recognition of USITEBU's independence. A lawyer would have told him that parol statements cannot affect the validity of a written agreement; but a barbarous potentate, about to be released from captivity, probably thought that by declaring his dissatisfaction he had given sufficient notice of his intention to redress, if possible, the grievances of which he complained. He had also announced his intention of avenging himself on his enemy JOHN DUNN, whom he more especially hated as a former favourite and adviser. No reasonable person, unless Lord KIMBERLEY may have been an exception to the general rule, was surprised to learn that the restoration, like most sentimental acts of policy, was immediately followed by bloodshed. CETEWAYO's troops have been once more defeated by USITEBU, who has now been joined by OHAM. It is said that the loss in the last battle has been greater than at Ulundi, and there is no reason to suppose that the war is ended. A few thousand lives of Zulul seem an excessive sacrifice to the feelings of a benevolent Bishop, a philanthropic Society, and a Minister whose motives have not been explained. Lord DERBY may perhaps be more accessible than his predecessor to sound advice and accurate information. From Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who is now on a visit to England, he may acquire much knowledge of the complicated politics of the colonies, of the native districts, and of the neighbouring Republics. It is not generally supposed that Lord DERBY's judgment is vitiated by any tendency to sentimental enthusiasm.

THE SECOND SUEZ CANAL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigour with which the advocates of a second Suez Canal independent of M. DE LESSEPS are urging their plans, there appears to be a reasonable prospect that the controversy will be settled satisfactorily. The existing Company will undertake the construction of a canal running by the side of the present one, so that ships may have one canal in going southwards and another in going northwards. For the accommodation of commerce this is much the best arrangement that could be devised. The route of the existing Canal is much the shortest that can be found, and presents the minimum of physical difficulties. The cost of a second canal can be calculated to a nicety, as it will be known beforehand how much earth will have to be removed and how much dredging to be done. The outlets of the two canals will be close together, and the precautions against silting that have to be taken for one will tell with equal effect in favour of both. The advantages of making the new

canal by the side of the old one are brought into strong relief by considering the alternative schemes which have been proposed. Sir GEORGE ELLIOT soared into the sublime of poetical engineering when he treated as seriously possible the construction of a ship railway. The experiment is, it is said, in the course of being tried in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and it is impossible to say that with a lavish outlay of capital a railway could not be made in Egypt which would carry ships from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. But the cost of working a ship railway would be so great after it was made that it could never compete with a waterway. Another scheme was of an almost equally grand and unpractical character. A fresh-water canal was to start from Alexandria, go by Cairo, and be carried thence to Suez. This project might have had the incidental benefit of aiding the irrigation of Egypt; but navigation would have been delayed by endless locks, the canal would have been double the length of the existing one, and would have had to be carried bodily in the air over the Nile. Thirdly, it was suggested that a new canal might be cut from Suez to a point west of Port Said, the canal being necessarily longer than the present Canal, but the distance to its Mediterranean opening being less from Gibraltar. All these schemes were offered as alternatives more or less desirable if the Company of M. DE LESSEPS had legal rights which prevented a new canal being made alongside of the old. But no one ventured to assert that any scheme could be in itself so desirable as that of doubling the existing Canal. It is impossible to doubt that, if nothing had as yet been done to make a canal, and Englishmen were now to set about making a water communication that would best suit the traffic, they would make a double canal where the single Canal of M. DE LESSEPS now is. This settles the matter so far as commerce is concerned, and it would be very extraordinary if what is best for commerce should not also be best for England.

The legal position of the French Company is not very clear, and it has not been made much clearer by the opinion of the lawyers whom the Egyptian Government consulted and whose opinion it has published. What is clear is, that at the time when M. DE LESSEPS obtained his concession no one dreamt that a second canal would ever be required. The concession contained no provision expressly forbidding others to make a second canal between the same points, and it gave no power to M. DE LESSEPS or his Company to make a second canal. All that the lawyers who support M. DE LESSEPS can say is that the general terms of his concession lead to the inference that the parties to the concession intended his Canal should be guaranteed against all interference and competition. English lawyers might have plenty to say the other way; but it must not be forgotten that, if the KHEDEVE granted a concession to open competitors, nothing could prevent M. DE LESSEPS taking his case before the International Tribunals, where French lawyers are very much at home, and where all the little Powers, who are intensely jealous of England, would delight to show that foreign lawyers were honestly deaf to English arguments. According to the extraordinary constitution of the International Tribunals, they can not only give a judgment against the KHEDEVE's Government, but can execute it. If they chose, they could give M. DE LESSEPS heavy damages for an infraction of his monopoly, and the KHEDEVE would have to pay. As it must be through the influence of the English Government that a rival concession would be granted, and as the English Government, which is bent on regenerating Egypt by lessening its burdens, could not let the fellahs pay the damages, the money must come from England. An English Government could scarcely propose that the British taxpayer should find it, and it would therefore be laid on the shoulders of those who were making the new canal, the cost of which would be proportionally increased. In order, again, to make a really good new canal, it must itself be a double canal or be twice as wide as the present one. It would be longer, wider, and might be saddled with the damages awarded to the present Company. It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that it would be cheap to make; and clearly, as an investment of capital, it could not compare with the simple and inexpensive scheme of doubling the Canal that exists.

Political considerations, too, point plainly in the same direction. French feeling would be very strongly and, it must be owned, very naturally roused, if it was supposed that the paramount influence of England in Egypt was

used to damage unjustly a French enterprise which is the special pet and pride of France. One of the few triumphs that console Frenchmen in their dejection is the thought that they rushed in where England feared to tread, treated as serious what England treated as idle, and made a Canal at which Englishmen laughed until they were forced to use it. Nor is it possible that a new canal, although made entirely with English money and blessed with the patronage of the English Government, should politically be more under the control of England than the present Canal is. Its daily management would be under the control of English directors, but for political purposes it would be international just as much as the present Canal is. It would be equally open to all the world in time of peace, and its use in time of war would be equally regulated by the conventions of the Great Powers. Some of the more ardent projectors of a new canal appear to think that England has annexed Egypt, and that their new canal would be cut through English soil. Some day possibly we may annex Egypt, and then we should annex one canal as much as another; but until that time comes a new canal would be only one more ditch in a territory which we are guarding for a time for the general benefit of mankind. Among the things we guard in Egypt is the French Canal, and our way of guarding it is to set, and if possible keep, on its legs a decent Government at Cairo. This is the way, and the only way, in which we could guard an English canal, and we could guard a canal made by the side of the French Canal neither more nor less than we could guard a canal made a few miles more westward. At the same time, it may be owned that the English agitation for a new canal has amply repaid any trouble it may have given its promoters. It has forced, and nothing else would have forced, the French Company to declare itself, not only willing, but anxious, to make a second canal. And the French Company is obliged to admit that it cannot make a second canal unless it is helped to make it. It wants English money, and it has to get permission from the KHEDIVE to undertake its new work. This permission will only be given if the English Government approves of its being given. In other words, it will only be given if the English Government sanctions the terms proposed as at once just in themselves and beneficial to commerce generally, or, what is in the case of the Suez Canal almost the same thing, to English commerce specially. Elaborate discussion of many complicated details will be necessary before it can be said what these terms ought to be; but the surest way to arrive at a reasonable understanding is to treat the whole question of a double canal from as purely a business point of view as possible. It ought to be under a remodelled administration fairly representing all its proprietors. It ought to be so constructed as to get the most ships through in the least time. Its use should be subject to those tolls which will most encourage traffic and yet give a handsome return to investors. To pass from these general propositions to a scheme thoroughly worked out is, no doubt, a matter of some difficulty. But there is no reason to think it cannot or will not be done, and done well. The burden of determining what has to be arranged with the KHEDIVE and the French Company will fall principally on the representative of England in Egypt, and the choice of a new representative at Cairo which the English Government has just made is excellent in every way. No one could possibly be better fitted to handle the question of the double canal than Major BARING. He understands finance, he knows Egypt, he can guide Egyptians, and he can conciliate Frenchmen. It is to be feared that things are not going on in Egypt quite as well as could be wished. But, if troubles are to come, most Englishmen who know Egypt will be glad to think that Major BARING will be there to meet them.

THE TENANTS COMPENSATION BILL.

IT is now nearly certain that the Tenants Compensation Bill will be the only considerable measure of the Session, and it depends on the Government whether it will be passed in reasonable time. There was no urgent need for any legislation of the kind; but, as the Ministerial Bill will be accepted by landowners as a settlement of the question, it is useless to inquire whether occupiers required additional protection. For some years past farmers have

had the power of almost absolutely dictating the terms on which they should hold their land. Even in the case of unexpired leases enormous reductions of rent have been made, because it has been found impossible in ordinary cases to bind the tenant to a bargain which has proved to be disadvantageous. It is probably for the same reason that the bitterest enemy of the landowners now professes his willingness to give a remedy for deterioration against the outgoing or remaining tenant. In the present state of the market an attempt to recover compensation for mismanagement would greatly interfere with the prospect of finding another tenant. As it has nevertheless been thought for political reasons expedient to legislate in favour of occupiers, it is judicious to acquiesce in a measure which is comparatively equitable. The Government Bill is on the whole consistent with the report of the Agricultural Commission, and it generalizes some of the local customs which have been found by long experience to give ample security to tenants. If any other Minister than Mr. GLADSTONE had introduced such a Bill, those whom it affects would feel certain that they knew the worst. The Ministerial majority is sufficient, after all probable defections, to carry the measure, and the Opposition would, if necessary, support the Government in resistance to predatory proposals. Mr. GLADSTONE may always be trusted to offer an obstinate resistance to any pressure which can be applied by his professed adversaries. It is not equally certain that he will reject the unjust demands of his own advanced partisans. The unfortunate Disturbance Bill of 1880 was a sudden after-thought plagiarized from an Irish Home Rule member. Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BARCLAY, in giving notice of opposition when the Tenants Compensation Bill was introduced on the eve of the recess, calculated on Mr. GLADSTONE's pliability.

Their objects, which were already well known, have since been explained in letters to the newspapers. Having for several years raised a violent clamour against the supposed hardships of outgoing tenants, Mr. HOWARD and his friends have suddenly discovered that not one tenant in a hundred leaves his farm at the expiration of his term. Far from desiring to reconcile outgoing tenants with their lot, the agitators really propose to fix them on the soil. It appears that they are about to concentrate their efforts on the creation, under specious disguises, of a universal tenant-right. For this purpose they will propose amendments by which on any rise of rent the occupier will be entitled to claim compensation for any increase of value which can be attributed to himself. In other words, some tribunal, perhaps not more trustworthy than the Irish Sub-Commissioners, will have the power of determining whether the rent shall be raised. The process will be practically indistinguishable from the Irish assessment of a so-called fair rent. The tribunal, even if it is not packed in accordance with an audacious proposal formerly made by Mr. HOWARD, will probably follow the Irish precedent of considering the question whether the occupier can live and thrive at the rent demanded according to some arbitrary standard. It is to be hoped that the numerous members who are familiar with agricultural tenure and practice will explain to the House the insuperable difficulties of arbitration on the issue whether rent is to be increased. The Farmers' Alliance no longer claims the addition to value which may arise from external causes, whether local or general. The confiscation of the unearned increment is to be undertaken, if at all, by the politicians who denounce the right to property of those who neither toil nor spin. Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BARCLAY more plausibly confine their demands to the increased value which can be traced to the outlay of the tenant.

It may be taken for granted that compensation will be claimed in every instance of a proposed increase of rent. The tenant-farmers to whom Mr. HOWARD would remit the question would, for obvious reasons, always decide in favour of a claim which they might themselves at any time have occasion to prefer. A more impartial arbitrator would seldom have materials for a satisfactory judgment. Re-valuations of estates and alterations in the rental of single farms only recur after long intervals. It would be necessary for a conscientious arbitrator to obtain evidence of the condition of the farm ten, or twenty, or thirty years before. If he could accomplish the impossible task of forming a retrospective estimate, he would then be required to distinguish between the natural growth or decline of value and the additions which, perhaps in one case among a hundred, the tenant might have made to the

productiveness of the soil, in excess of his duty of ordinary good husbandry. The inquiry would be tedious, expensive, and illusory; but the Farmers' Alliance would have effected its object by frightening the landlord into a sacrifice of his rights. It may be observed that, although Mr. HOWARD no longer insists on the appointment of assessors by the tenant-farmers in their capacity of guardians, he proposes to effect the same object by vesting the power in the future County Boards. In those assemblies also the landowners will be systematically outvoted, and the farmers will probably persuade the nominees of the labourers to concur in their attacks on landlords. It is true that their own term of suffering under the despotism of a majority will soon arrive. They are for the moment taking advantage of a Parliamentary influence which will disappear with the next Reform Bill. In the next Parliament it will perhaps not be worth the while of any Ministry to bribe the farmers at the expense of the landlords.

It is possible that here and there a small landowner might seek to raise the rent because the value of the land was temporarily increased by a liberal application of artificial manure. Scarcely any other improvement would in ordinary cases have been effected by the tenant, except under some special agreement. Similar examples of sharp practice are incident to dealings with all kinds of property, and in the instance suggested the landlord would incur the risk of having his farm thrown on his hands. On larger estates no such attempt is likely to be made, for an owner who acquires the character of an oppressive landlord depreciates the value, not only of the farm with which he may deal at any particular time, but of his whole property. As a general rule, land is in its best condition at the commencement of a tenancy. The owner, for obvious reasons, wishes that the farm should appear to be worth the largest rent which it is likely to command, and he takes care that every fence and gate shall be in good repair, and, if possible, that the land shall be clean and in good order. If a fair comparison were instituted after the lapse of a generation, there would seldom be proof of improvement created by the tenant. It is because a just arbitration is impracticable that the Farmers' Alliance proposes to substitute adjudication for contract, and protests against an appeal. The agitators will probably during the impending debates keep as far as possible in reserve the scheme of tenant-right which they have frequently avowed as their ulterior object. They will be anxious to provide the Ministers with an excuse for any concession which they may be inclined to make at the expense of the landlords. The Farmers' Alliance, not content with its main project of spoliation, demands that the Bill shall provide for redistribution of rates, for dishonest claims to relief from tithes, and for some other unjust boons to farmers; but the efforts of the agitators will be principally directed to the establishment of tenant-right. They no longer pretend to lay any stress on the expediency of increasing agricultural production. They are probably aware that their movement has already to a great extent checked the outlay of capital on the land. Some time since Mr. HOWARD was in the habit of denouncing settlements on the ground that they discouraged improvement by landlords. He now proposes virtually to put an entire stop to all expenditure of the kind. The heaviest blow which can be struck against agricultural prosperity would be the passing of the Farmers' Alliance Act.

Although no reliance can be placed on the firmness of Mr. GLADSTONE, it is worth his while to reflect on the consequence of a possible change in the nature of the Bill. It will be difficult to institute an effective agitation in support of projects of spoliation which have, on full consideration, been rejected by the Cabinet. Mr. HOWARD and his associates can use no arguments in support of a veiled tenant-right which have not been fully considered by those who have framed the Bill. It is not desirable that the duty of defeating an unjust measure should be thrown on the House of Lords, which is composed principally of landowners: but it is impossible to expect that the Peers should, through a false delicacy, sanction schemes of spoliation which have, in the first instance, been disapproved by the Government. Such a measure, though it will be supported not only by the few friends of the Farmers' Alliance, but, through a feeling of natural sympathy, by the Caucasians and the Jacobins or Liberals of the future, will not be unanimously accepted by the Liberals in the House of Commons. The only class which is directly interested in Mr. HOWARD's policy

is that of the large farmers, who object to even a modified law of distress, because it might facilitate the occupation of land by petty capitalists. As the tenants who now control county elections are about to be virtually disfranchised, their influence in the House of Commons will not be permanent.

RUSO-ASIATIC RAILWAYS.

WHILE English newspapers, with a sense of politeness which does them honour, are expatiating on the glories of the Coronation at Moscow, and while their Correspondents are endeavouring with equal courtesy to justify the reception of a badge in gold and silver about the size of a cheese-plate, it is instructive to notice that the organs of Russia are not troubled with scruples of a similar kind. One Russian newspaper has chosen the moment when the CZAR hospitably entertains a messenger of the English blood royal and a large number of subordinate envoys to discuss the present aspect of an invasion of Afghanistan, and to decide that there are on the Russian side no difficulties worth speaking of. It is always pleasant to be able to agree with any one, and it may be frankly acknowledged that the difficulties from that side have during the last four years been almost annihilated. It is, of course, understood that, notwithstanding the indiscreet confessions of one of Madame DE NOVIKOFF's friends, Russia has no intention whatever of pushing her conquests either further East or further South. But it is not altogether superfluous to point out that, according to an authority perhaps more trustworthy than Madame DE NOVIKOFF or her friends (who are numerous and are understood to include others besides Russians), abstinence from advance East and South will be henceforth more than ever a matter of will rather than of power with the CZAR'S Government. The completion of the railway from Krasnovodsk to Kizil Arvat, and the subsequent surveys of M. LESSAR towards Sarakhs, are, comparatively speaking, an old story. There is no doubt in the mind of any person qualified to give an opinion on military matters that the Russians could at the present moment put a force in Afghan Turkestan long before England could put a force in Herat or the Hindu Koosh sufficient to oppose them. The withdrawal from Candahar, and the refusal properly to complete the Bolan Pass Railway, have settled that question; and the obliging doubt of the Russian newspaper whether the Hindu Koosh could or could not be defended may be said to have been "anti-quoted" in the Roman sense by the resolution of the present Ministry that England shall be out of case to defend it, unless the long-suffering chapter of accidents (which has in the past come to our rescue from some very incapable and infatuated Ministers) comes to our assistance once more. On that point an Englishman who happens for his sins to know the facts is reduced to the attitude of the historical Frenchman, "It needs but an accident to save us, and there are so many!" The only comfort is that some Englishmen, at any rate, have done their best to prevent this consummation, which the historical Frenchman had not.

Of Afghanistan then it is for the moment useless to talk. But there may be other points in the same neighbourhood or nearly so on which it is not yet useless. Afghanistan is by favour of the GLADSTONE Government blotted out of consideration. As it is etiquette in the East to suppose that a man will not be so rude as to look at another man's wife, so, according to Mr. GLADSTONE and his henchmen, it is etiquette to suppose that a polished nation like Russia will not look at another man's India. But another quarter, Armenia, is not yet taboo. There is no prohibition hitherto on discussing the prospects of that province or collection of provinces. The *Daily News*, an authority not subject to suspicion, has, not for the first time, done useful work in setting before Englishmen what is actually going on in these regions. The accounts which it has recently published from a Special Correspondent in Trans-Caucasia of the now completed Tiflis-Baku Railway, which effects through railroad communication between the Black Sea and the Caspian in an almost straight line, and the subsequent investigations of the same Correspondent in Russian Armenia, are decidedly curious. They may not tell the before-mentioned luckless people who do know the facts anything new, but they will at

least tell much to those who do not know them. The Black Sea, thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE twelve years ago, has once more become a Russian lake *in posse* if not *in esse*, and it is now joined by railways to the Caspian Sea, which, thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE two years ago, has become a Russian lake already. For military purposes eastward two rapid lines of communication have been provided instead of one, and the heavy grasp which Russia had already fixed on Persia is made firmer and heavier. Already English trade with the SHAN'S country had begun to dwindle before the competition with Russia carried on by the Caspian steamers and the unfinished Tiflis-Poti railway. The railway is now finished, and English trade may sit and calculate at its leisure the difference between the freight from Odessa and from Liverpool to the railway's western terminus, together with the other advantages referred to by Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE on Thursday, such as 40 per cent. import duties and inability to use the railway beyond Tiflis. It is true that there is still the approach by Shiraz and Bushire, which, as every one knows, is abundantly furnished with railways and other conveniences, including mountain stairs up which no single beast of burden can carry more than a hundredweight or two. But for the present the effect of the Tiflis-Baku railway southward rather than eastward is the subject which seems most ripe for discussion. Afghanistan, as has been said, has become by Mr. GLADSTONE'S fiat a cloud-land with which only the rashest IXION can attempt to meddle, and, if he does so, must do it with a sense of indecision. Great authorities (speaking with an accuracy as indubitable as the accuracy with which Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH speaks of "HODSON of Hodson's Horse") tell us that no wise Englishman will so much as think of a Russian till he sees him on the right bank of the Indus, after which he will take measures. But Lord DUFFERIN—who enjoys a kind of imputed grace of Gladstonianism—has himself directed, it is said, the SULTAN'S attention to Armenia, and a point to which the attention of a malignant and a turbaned Turk has been directed is surely free to the attention of a Christian.

Respecting the affairs of this province (or whatever it is to be called) the *Daily News'* Correspondent has given, and is constantly giving, very valuable information. The Russians are not concentrating troops on the Turkish frontier; but that is only because there is not the least need for them to do so. They have in the Caucasus and Trans-Caucasia 162,000 men—about thirty thousand more than the entire English establishment, excluding India, for this year, and not much more than thirty thousand less than the entire English establishment including India. To distribute this force they have now a complete railway running parallel with the frontier, and at each end of that railway steamers can bring fresh supplies in a few hours. Armenia (Turkish Armenia) has been thoroughly surveyed by Russian officers. The Russians do not encourage Armenian disaffection, but they make a point of showing how Armenians can rise to any distinction in Russia, and how they are harried and worried by Turkey. By a very ingenious "dodge" the probable emigration of all the Turks in Russian Armenia has been secured, and it is anticipated with reasonable cheerfulness that these emigrants will in one way or other intensify the disorder of Turkish Armenia. The Russians greatly deplore the bad habit which Russian Armenians at Tiflis have of writing inflammatory articles about Turkish Armenia; but if these journalists are so clever as to deceive the censor, what is to be done? It is scarcely necessary to say that in European Russia nothing is easier than to deceive the censor. Therefore there can be no doubt of the reluctance of Russia to do anything to disturb Turkey south of Ararat, and of the deep sighs which will be drawn by the ingenious Russians when fate and manifest destiny compel them to advance on the second great road from the Euxine to the East—the road by Trebizond, Erzeroum, Bayazid, Khoi, and Tabreez. It will doubtless deepen their sorrow to remember that this is the last practicable route to Persia from the north-west. There remains, of course, the much-talked-of Euphrates Valley route from the south-west, but, independently of the great length of this, it would, along the whole of its length, be exposed to a flank attack from any Power possessing Kurdistan; that is to say, in other words, possessing Armenia. Armenia is an artichoke of which Russia has already eaten not a few leaves, and the Tiflis-Baku Railway is in effect intended to make the eating of the rest

easier. In fact, to an expert in geography of the important kind which deals with commercial routes as well as military, the establishment by Russia of a single through route eastward beyond the Caucasus is equivalent to an encroachment by her on an entirely new zone of the world—a zone which includes Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and Northern India. To any one who corrects the ideas of the geographer by those of the politician, the end is of course not yet, but the beginning is made; and there is no part of the world upon which the eyes of an English statesman (supposing such a person to exist) ought to be more steadily and more anxiously fixed than Armenia.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S APPOINTMENT.

EXCEPT the inevitable Radical growl which is supposed to be incumbent on the party whenever an English Minister declines to regard the English aristocracy as disqualified for the service of their country, Lord LANSDOWNE'S appointment to the Canadian Governor-Generalship has hitherto drawn forth little but expressions of approval. There is indeed a slightly comic side to the transaction, which is brought into relief when the present employment of Lord DUFFERIN and the canvassing which took place some time ago as to the selection of Mr. FORSTER for this very post are remembered. Diplomacy and colonial government appear to be fast becoming recognized spheres into which talent or influence which is indocile to the party at home may be conveniently deflected. There is nothing to be said, or at least nothing of importance, against this principle. It is at least infinitely better than the other plan (the working of which is actually in evidence with regard to the most important of all English dependencies), of sending abroad a politician who has been a proved failure in half a dozen employments at home. That, too, has its immediate personal conveniences, but they are purchased at the expense of the British Empire. There is always an analogy between great things and small, and there is one here. Neither as colonist nor as colonial Governor is a confirmed failure at home likely to do good, but the display of a slight incompatibility of temper with the family at home is certainly no drawback to success abroad. As for Lord LANSDOWNE'S rank, it is entirely in accordance with the very best traditions and with the whole scheme of English as opposed to American social and political life, that a colonial Governor shall not be a "son of nothing," and it is especially desirable that this should be observed in the American continent. The snobbery of equality—perhaps the most inveterate because the subtlest of all snobberies—can be most fitly rebuked in this manner.

As for Lord LANSDOWNE'S abilities, the debates on the Irish Land Bills, which, notwithstanding his long official experience, first brought him prominently forward, show them to be at least equal to the post he has accepted. With less smartness than his younger brother, he has shown during the last three years greater political backbone and a complete freedom from the priggishness which is apparently the appanage of Whig younger sons. The party to which rather by inheritance than temperament he belongs is not that historically identified with most attention to colonial interests. But it so happens that Lord LANSDOWNE'S three immediate predecessors at least have all been Whigs, and have all discharged their duties with a benefit to the great Dominion they have administered, which is somewhat above the common result of colonial governorships. It has been hinted that Lord LANSDOWNE'S recent political history may make him unpopular with the Irish inhabitants of Canada, or make Canada unpopular with Irish emigrants—a fear which is probably excessive, though it has received its natural echo in the party press of Canada. The Irish in Canada are but little tainted with the disloyalty which fashion and interested motives on the part of a few wirepullers keep up in the United States, and, indeed, the best observers have noticed that in the United States themselves Anglophobia soon dies out among the rural Irish. The attractions of Canada are as yet almost wholly rural, and its towns are too few and too little manufacturing to offer the paradise of well-paid mechanical labour, drink, and treason-plotting with which New York and Philadelphia dazzle the eyes of the immigrant. If Lord LANSDOWNE succeeds (and it is not very difficult) in keeping aloof from the one great danger of a colonial

Governor, that of taking a side in colonial politics, there is but little fear that any save unforeseen political difficulties will await him. So far as politics are concerned, his chief task will be to take care that the supposed rival interests of the different provinces do not, as they undoubtedly have interfered in the past, interfere with the great projects affecting the welfare of the whole Dominion and its relations with the rest of the English Empire in the future. Economically he will have to bow in the house of the Protectionist RIMMON, but the system of colonial self-government involves of necessity a kind of perpetual dispensation on this and similar points to colonial Governors. His Irish experience should stand him in good stead, partly by way of example, and partly by way of warning, as to the religious difficulties which, though they seldom rise to the level where a Governor-General's direct attention is required, are not unknown in Canada.

Except the CZAR, there is no real or nominal governor in the world on whom the task of developing the natural advantages of a vast territory presses so heavily as on the Governor-General of Canada. In the case of the latter not only are all his duties subordinate to this, but they are almost insignificant as compared with it. The last two occupants of the post (the second wisely following the example of the first) have devoted by far the greater part of their energies to encouraging the still scanty inhabitants of their vast dominion to "cultivate the garden." The garden is worth cultivating. Although the mismanagement of English diplomacy forty years ago deprived Canada of her proper southern frontier, and especially of invaluable communications with the sea on both her eastern and western coasts; although the transaction which made Alaska American cut off another cantle of her proper heritage, there is abundance left. The wise and just administration of many years has made the Indian difficulty (which in times past has been a serious material drawback to the development of parts of the United States and which has left an indelible stain on their history) impossible, or almost impossible, in Canada. Severe as the climate is, it is the kind of severity which, unlike the opposite extreme of tropical climes, can be easily grappled with and overcome, and, moreover, the kind which tends directly to become less by colonization and cultivation. Nothing but perfected means of communication are wanted to enable Canada to compete successfully with any other region in what is likely to be the most profitable business of the immediate future—food-furnishing to older countries. It is indeed a colony which offers but few attractions to the do-little; but the chief occupations of European lands have such a constant tendency to stunt and effeminate the race that a country where all the labour is healthy labour may, without affectation, be called something of a general sanatorium. To develop the capabilities of such a region a Governor-General can of course do little directly, but indirectly he can do very much. The initiating of great schemes on his part would not only be a constitutional solecism, it would be a blunder in tactics. His function is to go about ejaculating (with such variations as his ingenuity supplies him) "Well done our side!" and occasionally suggesting with persuasive delicacy that this or that member of our side might exert itself a little more without doing itself any harm. The work is not extraordinarily hard; it is not by any means unamusing; and a man who has done it well for some years may retire with a comfortable consciousness that his epitaph will not resemble the bulletins of old quite so nearly as is the case with some epitaphs. Nor is the purely ceremonial part of Lord LANSDOWNE's functions one which a man of sense would have any reluctance to perform. On the contrary, a man in his position can do much to refute practically, or at any rate to counteract and prevent the spread of, one of the most mischievous fallacies of the day—the fallacy which regards ceremony and convention, precedence and rank, as useless encumbrances, instead of considering them, as they are, not only ornaments of the social fabric, but bonds and stays to keep that fabric stable and solid. All these things considered, Lord LANSDOWNE, being a man of sense, ought to be glad that he is going to Canada, and the Canadians, being a people of sense, ought to be glad that Lord LANSDOWNE is coming to them. It is natural that Radicals should weep over the lost opportunity of balancing the Republican simplicity of "Mr." ARTHUR at Washington with "Mr." somebody else at Ottawa—indeed of outbalancing it, seeing that Mr. ARTHUR is entitled,

if he chooses, to be styled by the tinsel name General. But the fact of the repining may (in the most friendly way in the world) be suggested as an additional evidence of the curious intellectual deficiencies which more and more distinguish the Radical CATOS of our days.

MEXICO.

THE holders of foreign bonds have recently been agreeably surprised by a bankrupt State for a second time. Spain has begun to pay something on its debt within the last two years, and now Mexico is promising to follow suit. The creditors of these two countries are by no means all equally deserving of sympathy. People who lent money to Spain, particularly after 1868, almost deserved to lose every penny. A European State which remained anarchical and bankrupt up to that date ought never to have been trusted by anybody. The case of the creditors of Mexico was somewhat harder. When they lent their money that country had not repudiated any debt. It was known to be rich in resources, and not unreasonably credited with a desire to use them. A little thought would have shown anybody that it could scarcely do so for a couple of generations, but the Stock Exchange was not bound to profit by the teaching of history. Now at last Mexico has passed through the period of anarchy and attained to what promises to be a fairly stable condition. It desires to take its place among respectable and solvent nations, and to do that it must settle its debt. A long and disagreeable experience has taught the English bondholder that when a bankrupt State comes forward with a plausible scheme of this kind, it generally asks for a new loan at the same time, just to help it to start fresh; and Mexico is suspected of having the wish to make some such arrangement. The agents of the Republic assert that it has no such scheme on hand, and the chairman of the meeting of English holders of Mexican bonds summoned to consider their proposals bears them out. The bondholders would probably be wise not to inquire too closely. Mexico has at least got the length of promising to pay, which is something. It is going to settle the balance of 2,000,000*l.* due on the British Convention Debt, and diplomatic relations will be resumed. Bondholders may think it hard that they should have to surrender their back interest, and consent to see all the debts of Mexico converted into one of 20,000,000*l.*, less 4,700,000*l.*, at 3 per cent., but they can get no better terms.

There can be no doubt that Mexico is perfectly capable of paying its debts in full if it pleases. It is naturally very rich, and with a little industry could pay off both the capital and arrears of interest of its loans in a few years. Hitherto the industry has been wanting, and the country has remained poor in spite of nature. If recent visitors are to be believed, that has ceased to be the case. The Mexicans of the poorer classes are beginning to appreciate good and regular wages. They have first become familiar with them by working on the railways. The railways, again, have put it in their power to go on earning money by opening new markets. In another way these works have had an excellent effect by bringing great numbers of Americans into the country. The Mexicans have probably a sufficiently lively recollection of the Texan question and the administration of President POLK to feel somewhat nervous as to the intentions of their powerful neighbour. A little fear will probably have a wholesome effect on them. The United States have not of late years been aggressive. The citizens of the Republic have no wish to add a large population of settled Indians, who cannot be improved off the face of the earth like the still savage tribes, to their millions of negroes. Neither do they regard the Spanish creole element in the Mexican population with any favour. They would much prefer that both should remain in a state of friendly independence alongside of them. But the Mexicans must know that this favourable frame of mind would be considerably modified if they continued in a state of anarchy. The knowledge that they have a neighbour who is perfectly capable of conquering them if they give too much provocation has probably had quite as much influence as their own progress in inducing the Mexicans to put an end to pronunciamientos. Quite apart from this general and national pressure, Mexico is acted on by the United States in another way. Many Americans come into it for

business purposes, and bring their habits of enterprise and their ambition to bear on the natives. The Mexicans are probably no more enlightened than the Spaniards, who can never understand that the foreign capitalist established in their country makes wealth for them as well as for himself. They are probably neither less ignorant nor less envious; but the Americans are not to be robbed or attacked with impunity. They are both ready and able to defend themselves, and are well supported. A tacit understanding has apparently been arrived at between the two countries. American adventurers and capitalists will have security in Mexico, and the Mexicans will be left in peace as long as they keep tolerably quiet and orderly. If this condition of things continues for a generation, Mexico will probably be put for ever beyond the reach of military adventurers. It will grow rapidly rich, and cease to be able to endure the anarchy which did it very little harm while it remained in the condition in which the Spanish Viceroy had left it.

According to evidence which is probably fairly trustworthy, Mexico has already begun to reap the advantages of peace and a stable government. Mr. SULLIVAN, who acted as chairman of the bondholders, says that the revenue of the Republic rose from eighteen millions of dollars in 1879 to twenty-five millions in 1880, and it is now supposed to amount to ten millions more. Mr. SULLIVAN was engaged in persuading his hearers to accept a financial settlement, and he doubtless put everything in the most favourable light for Mexico; but, after making allowance for a natural tendency to heighten the colours, we can accept his picture as in the main true. The moment the opening of the line from Vera Cruz gave easy access from the interior to the sea, it was natural that the commerce of the country should increase at once and greatly. The advance only seems extraordinary because of the stagnation of everything under the old condition of the Republic. It is not to be supposed that the renewal of diplomatic relations with England will have much or even any effect on the internal affairs of the Mexicans, but it is satisfactory to know that they wish for it, and are prepared to secure it by the payment of a debt of long standing. The trade between the two countries has recently begun to increase again, and there is a great deal of English capital invested in Mexico. It does not appear that English traders have suffered much from the absence of a diplomatic officer. But that is because his place has been taken by the American Minister. If the Mexicans only make it possible, it will be more satisfactory that the country should be represented by an agent of its own. The way to make it possible is to pay the two millions. If they are paid, and English bondholders get 3 or even 2 per cent. on part of their shares with tolerable punctuality, and Englishmen settled in Mexico are allowed to enjoy the fruits of their industry in peace, we shall be content to recognize that the Republic has proved its right to be considered a respectable country.

THE FRENCH CABINET.

THE present French Cabinet has in a very remarkable degree that semblance of intelligence which belongs to the parrot. It repeats the phrases it has learnt from the great author of Opportunism without the slightest regard to the circumstances in which they were originally uttered. A parrot will alternate a volley of oaths picked up from some sea-captain with the innocent and domestic sentiment of "kiss the baby"; and M. FERRY and his colleagues now declare that their object is to make the Republic the Government of all Frenchmen equally, and the next moment they show by their action that they are as resolved as ever to treat the religion of the majority of the nation as a natural and hereditary foe. No doubt they can bring examples of both lines of thought from that miscellaneous armoury the speeches of GAMBETTA. But GAMBETTA had at least some method in his use of them. When he described the Republic as waiting with outstretched arms to welcome back the Conservative prodigal, he did for the time mean what he said. If the Moderates would only have taken him for their leader, he would gladly have been the leader of the Moderates. When he gave as the formula of his policy "Clericalism is the enemy," he had abandoned the hope of leading the Moderates, and was bent upon regaining the allegi-

ance of the Extreme Left. His successors, on the contrary, are friendly to the Church and hostile to it at one and the same moment. M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU preaches at Angoulême that the Republic he wishes to see established is an open Republic, not a close one. There is room enough in it for Conservatives as well as for Liberals, for Catholics as well as for Freethinkers. But this does not prevent the Government from supporting a law to deny a dying man the power of proving by his conduct that he wishes to be buried with religious rites; or from making it difficult, if not impossible, for patients in the public hospitals of Paris to see a priest; or from giving to an inroad upon ecclesiastical property the unmistakable air of a direct assault upon Catholicism. An incident which happened last week is an excellent illustration of this last combination. Certain buildings belonging to the Jesuits at Marseilles have for some time been closed by virtue of the decrees against the religious orders. But the school attached to them is still carried on by a lay society with the help of some secular priests, and the scholars have been allowed to use the chapel on Sundays. This compromise has now been put an end to, and on Saturday afternoon the officials arrived to place the Government seal on the chapel door. It was represented to the Commissary that, by closing the chapel on Saturday, instead of on Monday, the scholars would be put to needless inconvenience; but to this he answered that he had no choice but to carry out his orders. The Bishop of the diocese, who was holding a confirmation in a neighbouring church, was then sent for; and on reaching the school he informed the Commissary that the Sacrament was still upon the altar, and asked leave to remove it. Even this was refused him, and the Sacrament was left under the charge of the Republican officials. What amount of reverence they are likely to show to it may be judged from the fact that the Commissary kept his hat on while he was in the chapel. The Bishop of MARSEILLES, in protesting against this piece of profanity, remarks that the permission he sought had been granted under similar circumstances to his predecessor in the worst days of 1871. When Marseilles was for the time in the hands of men who actively sympathized with the Paris Commune, religion was better treated than it is under a Government which repudiates the charge of being unfriendly to it.

If the Government had any reason to believe that their policy was gaining them support in the country, all these things would be intelligible. M. FERRY and M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU are not of the stuff which goes to make martyrs, and it would be vain to expect them to defend religious liberty if by doing so they incurred any immediate loss. But the results of the by-elections during the last six months show conclusively that the Government are making no way whatever as against the Extreme Left. In October two elections were held. In both cases the late member had been an Opportunist, and in both the new member was a Radical. In November one election was held. The late member had been an Opportunist, and had received in the previous year 8,414 votes. Last November the Opportunist candidate at the first ballot got 4,285 votes, and the Radical candidate 5,143. As some votes were wasted on a third candidate, this did not give the Radical an absolute majority, and before the second ballot the Opportunist candidate seems to have come to terms with some Conservative electors who in the first instance had not thought it worth while to go to the poll. The result was that, while the Radical candidate slightly increased his strength, the Opportunist figures rose from 4,285 to 7,135. In December an election was held at Valenciennes to replace M. LEGRAND, who had been sent as Minister to the Hague. In 1881 he had received 9,843 votes; but in 1882 the Opportunist candidate could only poll 6,219, and an Irreconcilable was returned. The elections at Lyons and Paris in January and February only replaced one Radical by another; but at Grenoble, on the 18th of February, a Radical was elected in place of an Opportunist, the latter only receiving 4,690 votes, against upwards of 9,000 given to the Radical, whereas the year before the Opportunist candidate had been returned without opposition. On the same day at Rochechouart a Radical was elected, the Opportunists not thinking it worth while to contest the seat. The election at Belleville in March naturally showed a great falling off in the Opportunist strength, and so may pair off with the return of M. CASIMIR PÉRIER after his resignation. In both cases the result was probably due to personal at least as

much as to political considerations. In April last three elections were held. At two of them in 1881 Opportunists had been returned without opposition, whereas in 1883 the Radical candidates carried both seats. At the third the Opportunist was successful, but the Radical candidates polled between them nearly as many votes, though in former elections the contest had lain between the Opportunists and the Left Centre. At Coutances on the 6th of this month the seat was kept by an Opportunist, but some two thousand votes were transferred to the Conservative candidate; at Chambéry on the same day a Radical took the place of an Opportunist who had been elected without opposition; and at a third election the Opportunists won one of their rare victories, their candidate being returned, though by a diminished majority. At Lyons and Paris last Sunday they were again unfortunate, losing a seat to the Radicals in the former case and to the Conservatives in the latter. Thus, in nineteen elections, the Radicals have kept two seats and gained eleven, the Conservatives have gained one, while the Opportunists have lost twelve and hold the five they have kept by diminished majorities.

How is a Government or a party to hold its own in presence of such defeats as these? Nineteen elections in all parts of France are not a bad sample of what a general election may be expected to produce; and in that case what chance have Ministers of securing a majority at the next dissolution? That they command a great deal of Radical support in the existing Chamber proves nothing. So long as the Radicals are not strong enough to displace them, they will naturally vote with them, provided that the Government policy is only the Radical policy a little watered down. If they are able at the next elections to upset the present balance of parties and to come into power themselves, they will certainly do so, and no doubt is thrown upon their determination to bring about this end if they can by any readiness they may show in the interval to get what they can out of the Ministry. The real danger that the Radicals have to fear is the resurrection of an active Conservative feeling in the country, and what they are most anxious to guard against is any attempt on the part of the Government to attach that feeling to itself. Consequently the thing they most desire is exactly what is now happening. The Government is every day doing something to disgust the Conservatives, and in proportion as it takes this line it deprives itself of all hope of support at the elections, except from the Radical electors. But when the elections come the Radical electors will have something else to do than to vote for Opportunists. Candidates of their own way of thinking will everywhere be forthcoming, and the Government will have nothing to trust to except the support of that official class which feels that its enjoyment of the good things of which the State has the disposal depends on the continuance in office of the present Government. No doubt in France this class is a numerous one; but there is no reason to think that it is numerous enough to turn the scale at a general election.

MR. CHAMBERS AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

IT is rather to be hoped that Mr. Smiles will not write the life of Mr. William Chambers, who has just died at the age of the century, and who was the founder of cheap literature in England. When a boy starts on the journey of life with half-a-crown in his pocket, two ideas beset him—one happy, one depressing. He knows that he must make a fortune, for boys who start with half-a-crown always do. But he is also aware that Mr. Smiles is lying in wait to write his life, and to number him among self-made men and examples of virtue self-evolved. We do not know whether or not Mr. Chambers was pre-eminently virtuous, but his career was certainly interesting, much more so than that of the self-made in general. He not only amassed a fortune, after an education which cost 6*l.*, and a boyhood nourished on three halfpence *per diem*, but he also contributed to readable literature. He was an author as well as a publisher. We do not esteem the countless essays signed "W. C." in *Chambers's Journal* much more than those signed "A. K. H. B." in another place. But when Mr. Chambers was quite young, almost a boy, he wrote his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, a very entertaining collection, and well worth reading by any curious visitor of the Old Town. When Mr. Chambers visited Scott, to discuss the materials of this book, Sir Walter was amazed to find his visitor a mere lad. He expected an antiquary to be about the age of Monkbarrow. The sons of an unsuccessful "Peebles body," Mr. Chambers and his brother Robert reflected great distinction on the town preferred "for real pleasure and devilment" before Paris. As apprentices to a bookseller, on wages

within a measurable distance of starvation, the pair educated themselves in French, and in the moral and political philosophy of the period. Mr. William Chambers purchased the second copy of the *Scotsman* that was issued, at the price of tenpence, and in a very few years he had started *Chambers's Journal* at three-halfpence weekly. *Chambers's Journal* used to be, and very probably still is, a model of a popular journal; full of good fiction, good anecdotes, pleasant information, and by no means bad verse. It was less spasmodic, less affected, and less "Dickensy" than *All the Year Round* and *Household Words*. It was devoid of the artistic merit which killed *Once a Week*. No journal could survive which gave its readers pictures by Mr. Millais, Frederick Walker, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Lawless, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Keene, and Mr. Tenniel, for threepence weekly. Most of Mr. Payn's early novels came out in *Chambers's Journal*, and, as the magazine ceased to be exclusively Scotch, it became more and more interesting. This venture, with the *Information for the People*, *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, and other enterprises, made the fortune of the house of Chambers, and certainly gave an inestimable amount of pleasure to the world, and even of instruction. Mr. Chambers neither bored nor demoralized his public, and "this is he whom every publisher should wish to be."

Popular literature has been developed since paper became cheap in a variety of ways, all of which are not equally desirable. Very little need be said about cheap books which are simply bad books, and cheap periodicals which are merely mischievous. These do not deserve the name of literature at all. An austere State in America has recently passed, or spoken of passing, a Bill which makes it a misdemeanour to lend or give to boys and girls any "dime" novels without the written permission of parents and guardians. We are all unlearned in dime novels, but they probably answer to the British "penny dreadful." Parodies of them have been written by American humorists, and from these parodies it appears that the dime heroes are usually boys of tender age who have run away from school, and become chiefs among the Red-men, or captains of piratical schooners. We see comparatively little harm in cheap novels of this class, which are but a beautiful unconscious protest against Mr. Howells and realism. Boys are naturally fond of reading about adventures, and, as they can scarcely hope ever to join the Apaches, or to stand on the quarter-deck of the *Red Rover*, they can only mimic their favourite heroes in play, and by making-believe very much. We have all fancied ourselves Red Indians in youth, made arrows with stone tips, and thrown modern tomahawks at a brave of the pale-faces, represented, probably, by a stone dial or a tall sunflower. We have known small boys who became possessed of a small but well-selected assortment of Australian weapons, and who certainly dissipated that ethnological collection in a rather dangerous way. The domestic poultry led lives full of peril and adventure till all the light spears had been lost "in the bush," and the cows had a hard time before the last of the boomerangs described an eccentric course into an adjacent garden and was no more found. An immense amount of amusement may be got out of a genuine boomerang, because when you throw at your enemy you never have the least idea what the boomerang will hit or where it will go. But if dime novels do nothing worse than encourage and direct the natural savage tastes of small boys, they cannot be so deleterious as the cheap juvenile literature of outworn Europe. The London street-boy cannot hope to become a white chief or a privateer. He knows that even the time of highwaymen has gone by. But he can and does hope to emulate the burglarious exploits of Charles Peace, and in the meantime he joins the Black Band of Bloomsbury or the Seven Dials' Scourers, and commits petty larceny with all the chivalry of an Ivanhoe. One cannot but pity these wretched, unlucky town children, whose natural instincts, natural love of adventure and romance are corrupted by wicked cheap novels of crime. Their intentions are often purely platonic; they do not pick pockets or snatch things off stalls for the sake of lucre, but merely because they have never heard of any other sort of romance, and because in our endless streets there is none of the adventure which nature offers on every side to boys country-bred. The cheap literature of crime fills the gaols, gives magistrates endless trouble, and provides the Home Secretary with half, or more than half, of his juvenile offenders.

People may say that cheap literature can provide the antidote as well as the bane. Sixpenny editions of *Tom Brown*, of Marryat's novels, and of Scott's can be found everywhere. We confess to doubts as to whether the great unknown world of readers cares very much for these masterpieces. We doubt whether they penetrate much below the middle of the middle class. It is certain that the highly educated girl of the day does not, and apparently cannot, read Scott, any more than she can appreciate Dickens. She prefers the thinnest twaddle of the mob of modern novelists, full of the talk she hears continually and of descriptions of things which, being perfectly familiar, require no imagination in the reader. Probably the large public of the lower middle class and the less intelligent members of the working classes also like fiction that deals with the commonplace or the purely fanciful adventures of persons in their own rank. There are wild cheap novels in which the heroes are noble-hearted burglars, and there is a kind of converted penny dreadful, for family reading, in which adventures, stolen wills, wicked guardians, and the like abound, while a general air of evangelical piety prevails among the virtuous heroes and heroines. In these classes of cheap literature there is a lack of humour which may be felt, and an entire absence of diverting

dialect and of well-drawn and discriminated character. The whole interest turns either on crime or on the sudden acquisition of fortune by the lowly but virtuous. A successful claimant, who has been left as a child on the steps of a workhouse and has developed into an exemplary and Bible-loving maid-of-all-work, is the favourite heroine of the converted penny dreadful. Her lover is a wicked baronet, who, like King Easter and King Wester in the ballad, loves her "for her land" and "for her fee," which he is aware that she is to possess, while a young man of the class of Sam Gerridge is a disinterested and finally successful adorer. The close of the novel leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. This sort of cheap literature is not positively harmful, but it encourages the eternal day-dream of the poor—the hope of sudden wealth coming in from some unexpected quarter, the expectation of impossible uncles from Australia or San Francisco. These dreams are preferred to all the human art and pathos of really good novels which require some disinterestedness, some fancy, and some education in the reader. It is probable, however, that Dickens is still immensely popular with many members of the class which absorbs cheap literature. The "Journeyman Engineer," in a recent article, says that the standard of taste is gradually becoming higher among the more voracious novel-readers of the less wealthy classes. What they like (and quite right) is a well-conducted plot and strong situations. They admire Mr. James Payn, Messrs. Besant and Rice, and, we regret to say, they are dupes of the pasteboard sentiment and sham learning of Ouida. But Ouida has led away many captives, and it appears that people prefer going to the circus with her rather than to the legitimate drama of Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Black, and Mrs. Oliphant. In spite of modern cheapness, it is to be feared that books can never be the possession of the poor. Even in good London houses there is no room for the books a man would like to have about him. The shelves soon come to be filled with double rows, which cause endless difficulties in finding the desired volumes, and every table is loaded, every cupboard is crammed with books. In the houses of the poor there is, naturally, far less room, and the books which the poor can afford to buy are soon thumbed and tattered till they lose all form and comeliness. The new sixpenny editions are not absolutely so hideous as the disgraceful pamphlets into which American pirates cram the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the prose of every one who manages to attract attention. But our sixpenny editions, like the American pamphlets, cannot stand wear and tear. If much read by an intelligent working family, they first become eyesores and then cease to have any substantial existence. They do not fall to pieces as quickly as unbound German books, but in the end, which comes rapidly, they do fall to pieces. They cannot become, as good books should become, the companions of many years, or of a lifetime. They are newspapers for the moment's reading, not an everlasting possession. The close small type, too, of many miracles of cheapness makes them unreadable save by the best of eyes, and must end by wearing out the most enduring eyesight. Short-sight and spectacles, and all the ills that come of poring over miserable (cheap) books, are sure to follow in the wake of popular literature.

There is one form of cheap literature too much neglected by philanthropists. We mean the literature of the bookseller's box marked "All these for Fourpence," or "Twopence," as the case may be. A poor man who cares for sound literature, especially if he reads French, can soon form a respectable library out of the fourpenny box. Choosing here a volume and there a volume, he can complete "sets" of important books; he can even pick up now and then rare and valuable examples, and his books will be well printed on good paper, and well bound in solid brown calf. But to make proper selections from the fourpenny box, time, education, a natural love of turning over hundreds of volumes, and something of the character of the sportsman are necessary. Patience, discrimination, taste are required; but, equipped with these, the owner of the humblest purse may obtain books which are valuable as literature, books that may be read without spectacles, and books that will last when all the popular sixpenny editions have disappeared from a world which they do not adorn.

DR. BEARD ON THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

DR. BEARD delivered on Tuesday the ninth, and we suppose the last, of his Hibbert Lectures on the Reformation, dealing with "the Reformation in England," which he quite rightly regarded—though the fact is by no means always so clearly recognized—as "a phenomenon *sui generis*," differing in character no less than in date from the German or Swiss, or, we may add, the Scotch Reformation. And this peculiarity of the movement both in origin and character has left its permanent mark on the constitution of the English Church. We need hardly say that the point is one on which for obvious reasons Anglican High Churchmen have always felt it a duty to insist. What is remarkable, and what tends of course to illustrate and support their contention, is that outsiders who approach the question from independent, and even from very opposite, points of view, should to so large an extent be found to endorse their estimate of the facts. There are no doubt and always will be a large class of persons, not necessarily stupid or uneducated, to whom Catholic and Protestant are terms as simple and exhaustive as black and white,

and who, on the broad principle that all which is not A is B and *vice versa*, consider the position of Christians, whether individuals or Churches, sufficiently defined by placing them under one category or the other. A late Oxford professor used to observe that "*kará* understood is the Asia Minor of Greek Grammar," and for such reasoners Protestantism is the Asia Minor of all Christianity outside the Roman pale, and is impatient if not absolutely intolerant of all minor subdivisions. It was not to be expected that a Hibbert Lecturer, of whatever creed, would countenance so shallow a generalization, but learned Protestants outside the English Church, and learned Roman Catholics, to say nothing of Eastern Christians, have not always shown as much aptitude as Dr. Beard for discriminating the specialities of Anglicanism. He justly insists at starting that the fact of its being still possible to debate whether the Church of England is Protestant or Catholic is enough to prove that the English Reformation followed its own law of development. It is true indeed that "it was due to the same causes in general," as the Continental one, but as much might be said of the contemporaneous reformation—or counter-reformation, as Ranke calls it—in the Church of Rome, which issued in the Council of Trent. Both the "distinctly humanistic movement in which Colet and More figured," and the religious movement which grew out of it, had a special character of their own in England. The fact that both Colet and More died in communion with the Holy See, and the latter died as a martyr for it, would alone suffice to indicate this. For one thing, the peculiar Roman abuses—and by Roman we do not mean Roman Catholic but those directly connected with the Papacy—which did so much to embitter the controversy on the Continent had never reached to the same extent here. It is hardly indeed too much to say, with Dr. Döllinger in his *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches*, that the movement in England was not in its origin a religious but a political one. "It was from above and not from beneath, as in Germany, from the Crown, not from the people, that the ecclesiastical revolution in England received its impulse, rule, and form." Dr. Beard points to the same aspect of the case in saying that "political causes stood for more in the English Reformation than elsewhere." In England, roughly speaking, the Reformation was rather forced by the sovereign power, for ends of its own, on an apathetic people, not—as in Scotland and on the Continent—forced by an outburst of popular enthusiasm on unwilling rulers. And this distinction is one that cuts far deeper than might at first appear. It implied differences in the past and pointed to differences in the future of a more than transitory kind. On some of these the lecturer proceeds at once to enlarge.

One result of the peculiar conditions of the English Reformation may from different points of view be regarded as an advantage or a disadvantage. Those who attach a critical value to the unbroken continuity of the mediæval and the later Church will not be disposed to regret that there was no name among the English Reformers "to match those of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, Calvin, Knox." The lecturer adds with veiled sarcasm that "it would take much special pleading to make a hero out of Cranmer." There was in short no leading mind among the English Reformers, and therefore no distinctive badge of theological idiosyncracies, like the Lutheran or Calvinistic, was impressed on their work. In its earlier stages indeed the English Reformation can hardly be said to have had a theological character at all. As Dr. Beard says, "Under Henry VIII. it mainly consisted in the spoliation of the religious houses and the assertion of the King's spiritual supremacy"—i.e. in what was serviceable for his own personal or political ends—while "as long as he lived England was doctrinally Catholic, and he himself adhered and made his lieges adhere to a sacramental and priestly theology." And as regards this spiritual supremacy of the Crown there is something to be remarked. It may of course, and actually did assume, both in form and substance, during the later years of Henry VIII. and the reign of Edward VI., a character of Erastian domination wholly incompatible with any kind of spiritual independence on the part of the Church. But the original claim implied much less than this and was also, as the lecturer points out, "much less an innovation in this country than elsewhere, being but the last stage in a long political development," or warfare of English Kings and Parliaments with the Holy See, where successive defeats of the latter power had been recorded in such Statutes as those of Provisors, Præmunire, and Mortmain. Henry did not at first do much beyond "putting a coping-stone on a building which many of his predecessors had laboured at," though it must be allowed that his high-handed coercion or silencing of Convocation and his erecting his own spiritual supremacy into a "burning doctrine," like Transubstantiation and the Seven Sacraments, went a good deal further. It was not however till his son, who had been trained in doctrinal Protestantism of the strictest sect and was entirely under Protestant guidance, succeeded him that the religious change made itself sensibly felt. Dr. Beard's phrase, if he is correctly reported, that with Edward's accession "the Protestant feeling which had long been gathering strength below the surface burst its barriers and swept all before it," does not strike us as a happy one. There was very little Protestant feeling in the country during Edward's reign, and the lines of a late hymnologist, to the effect that "England's Church is Catholic, though England's self is not," might be more fitly reversed in application to that particular period, when England's self was Catholic in general sentiment and belief, but England's Church, so far as it depended on the will of its chief authorities, was not. Even the first Prayer-book of Edward, which in its main outlines was little more than an English rendering of the Sarum Rite, had to be en-

forced at the sword's point, and the Second Book, except in London and a few other towns for the last six months or so of the young King's life, was never really enforced at all. The outburst of "Protestant feeling," as we shall see presently, came later and from fresh causes. However Edward's reign was signalized, as Dr. Beard observes, by "the gradual formation of the Prayer-book and Articles, the former tracing back to the Use of Sarum, not without the blend of a foreign element, the latter," he adds with more questionable accuracy, "affiliated upon the Confession of Augsburg." The question whether the 39 Articles are mainly based on a Lutheran or a Calvinistic model is too wide a one for discussion here. It has been keenly debated by learned divines, both of our own and of an earlier day, and the latest researches of scholars like Mr. Pocock seem to point rather to a Calvinistic, or rather a Zwinglian, than a Lutheran origin; but it is in any case certain that the terminology was so studiously modified as to leave considerable latitude of interpretation. And in fact Calvinism, in spite of some vigorous efforts to enforce it on the part of high authorities before the Laudian revival, never found a congenial home in the Church of England.

In passing to what may be termed the second and more definitive stage of the Reformation, under Elizabeth, Dr. Beard calls attention to "the important fact of the continuity of the English Church, so that Archbishop Parker was just as clearly the successor of Augustine in the See of Canterbury, as was Lanfranc or Thomas à Becket." And apart from all theological controversy as to the conditions of valid ordination and the like, which this is not the place to discuss, of the historical fact here stated there can be no sort of doubt, and as little doubt that it constitutes at once a very fundamental distinction between the English and the foreign Reformed Churches. Where such continuity existed, not by accident, but because special pains had been taken to preserve it unbroken, it was hardly possible that it should remain a mere barren and isolated event of history. Nor did it. "In the settlement made by Elizabeth it was attempted to weld together the two elements in the English Church, the Catholic and the Protestant, the national and the foreign, and this settlement has substantially kept its ground to the present day." But the lecturer argues that it evidently did not take into account all the elements of the problem, as was shown by the growth of Puritanism all through the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., till the reaction under Laud followed with its tragical sequel. He does not stay to explain this new Puritan upgrowth, but the explanation is not far to seek. Under Edward VI. the nation had been tyrannized into a Protestantism which it hated; in Dr. Döllinger's words, "the decided Protestants could be named and counted." It was the peculiar, though not inextinguishable, infelicity of Mary, to turn the tide of popular indignation against the Church she loved not wisely but too well. When the country was blazing with "martyr fires," and many of the inferior victims glorified by Foxe met their cruel fate with a simple heroism to which men like Cranmer could lay small claim, there was a natural revulsion of feeling, strengthened and systematized, so to say, when the Marian exiles returned with soured tempers and prejudices accentuated by contact with Swiss sectaries. That was the origin of English Puritanism, which for a moment triumphed so completely as to sweep away the Church, as a national institution, altogether. But, thanks in great measure to "the reaction under Laud," it had vitality to survive the crisis. And "the upshot is," to cite Dr. Beard, "that three distinct elements have always been present side by side in the English Church, sometimes struggling for the mastery, sometimes living peaceably side by side, and that it is really her speciality to be both Protestant and Catholic. . . . It is in this that the English differs from the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches," whose system is "simple and homogeneous." But neither can it be said that these two rival elements, the Catholic and the Protestant, in the traditional sense of the latter term, exhaust the complexities of the situation; from a very early period—at all events since the Restoration—a third has also betrayed itself. There have been those, even among the most loyal children of the Church, "on whose shoulders, from various causes, the obligation of her formularies has lain lightly," who have regarded the Prayer-book as a devotional rather than a dogmatic manual, and the 39 Articles primarily as Articles of Peace, and whose tendency has been, like that of the late Arthur Stanley, "to reduce the essentials of religion to the fewest, and to subordinate the dogmatic element to the ethical and spiritual." To this school—it could hardly be called a party till quite recent days—belonged men like Hales of Eton and Whichcote and Smith of Cambridge, Cudworth, Henry More, and—adds the lecturer—"in a later time Butler and Paley." To the last statement we must demur. No two men could well be more utterly unlike in their whole tone of mind and character, and notably in their way of looking at religious questions, than Butler and Paley. The former, if we may thus antedate the popular nomenclature of our own day, would certainly have counted as a High rather than a Broad Churchman, and he was in fact freely accused, like modern High Churchmen, of "Popery" both during life and after his death. To this comprehension and fusion of seemingly heterogeneous elements the lecturer attributes much of the distinctive corporate character of the English Church.

His closing remark is the more significant as coming from such a quarter, because it sounds like an unconscious echo—for he does not appear to have referred to the great Ultramontane essayist of a former generation—of a passage often quoted from De Maistre's *Considérations sur la France*. De Maistre, it need hardly be said, occupied a position as entirely external if not

hostile to the Church of England as Dr. Beard, and that circumstance gives additional weight to the independent and concurrent testimony on such a point of two writers differing so widely both from her and from each other. For the coincidence of view is certainly striking. "Circumstanced thus," concludes the Hibbert lecturer, "that Church holds a middle place in Christendom, which has been used more than once as a means of bringing about a reunion of the Christian Churches, though hitherto without much effect." It is nearly a century since De Maistre, a foreigner and a prominent leader of the extremist school of Ultramontanism, writing long before the first faint promise of the great religious revival which has so marvellously transformed the life of Anglicanism within living memory, thus wrote of it:—"If ever Christians should approach each other—and every consideration might urge them to do so—it seems that the first move should come from the Church of England. We are too far removed from the followers of a too unsubstantial worship; there is no means of coming to a mutual understanding. But the Anglican Church, which touches us with one hand, touches with the other those we cannot touch, and though from one point of view she is exposed to the attacks of both sides and presents the somewhat ridiculous spectacle of a rebel preaching obedience, yet under other aspects she is very precious, and may be compared to one of those chemical intermediaries capable of uniting elements which have a natural repulsion." There must be some real basis in Anglicanism for a distinction so remarkable in itself and which has attracted the attention of two such diverse and equally unsympathetic observers.

DINNERS.

IF Lord Guloseton, freed from the company of his supercilious and very dirty friend, Mr. Henry Pelham, who used one knife and fork all through dinner, could revisit the earth, he would probably find that some progress had been made since his day, and might even discover that, judged by the light of modern knowledge, certain of his own gastronomic tenets were not altogether sound, and that the devotion of a lifetime had failed to preserve him from error. He would be almost forced to admit that dinners were now less ponderous than the feasts even of the thoughtful in his time, and that in spite of the severe attention which he and his contemporaries gave to their authorities, they did not understand the arrangement and ordering of a repast so well as some latter-day gastronomes. Even, however, if, owing to inveterate prejudice, he felt some doubt on the latter point, he could hardly, being a candid nobleman, fail to concede the first, and to allow that the comparatively light dinner of the present day is a great improvement on the old one. In the days of George IV. the banquet of an ambitious host must have been a very terrible thing. The dinner-givers of that time arranged their *menus* on what they thought to be a French model, and, with an ingenuity which is by no means without a parallel in the national history, accepted with effusion the one error of French cooks, while they contemptuously discarded the best part of their system. That the *officiers de bouche* of the early part of the century, who virtually gave feasts the form which, with some variations, they still retain, were men of remarkable merit, cannot be for an instant denied. They were infinitely painstaking, very inventive, had that belief in themselves which is necessary for success even in cookery, and were devoted to what they loved to call their art; but, being Frenchmen, they were not without vanity, and, being cooks, they took much pleasure in expending their employers' money freely. While improving considerably on the works of their predecessors, they retained a rule which was in itself bad, but which enabled them to make magnificent displays and so run up very large bills. This rule, as exemplified by practice, was that the number of dishes which were sufficient for a man when he was one of eight would not be sufficient for him when he was one of fourteen or sixteen; and that in like manner he would require still more when he was one of five-and-twenty or so. Stated simply, the precept seems about as absurd as anything well can be; but nevertheless it was absolutely obeyed for long, and is unfortunately far from being obsolete now. An amusing instance of the obedience formerly yielded to it will be found in the ten "*menus exquis et simples*" which Carême's secretary, following no doubt the views of his illustrious master, selected from the enormous number contained in *Le Maître-d'Hôtel Français*. In those which are for parties of from six to nine, eight dishes are mentioned; in those which are for parties of from ten to twelve the number is eighteen. This in turn would have seemed to a cook of Carême's time insufficient for a feast at which twenty-four were to assemble. For such a banquet still greater profusion would have been deemed necessary. We remember seeing a menu of Ude's in which there were fourteen or fifteen entrées. Utterly preposterous as was this progressive system, which regulated a guest's appetite by the number of people who ate with him, it seems, strangely enough, to have been accepted with enthusiasm by the "men of taste" of a former generation; and at big dinners it was thought essential to provide a great deal more than anybody could possibly eat. In our days, however, there has been a much-needed and most wholesome reform. Dinner-givers of inquiring mind, who carefully studied the method of the French cooks with a view to finding out what was best, not what was worst in it,

saw how they had erred, and how their error had been copied in England, and took to shortening their bills of fare. Gradually their example was followed, and the fearful menus which hosts formerly delighted in no longer appear. Of course a great many silly people still adhere to the old plan to a certain extent, and think it absolutely necessary that, when more than eight meet at dinner, there shall be too much to eat; but, under any rules that could be framed, silly people would succeed in spoiling their feasts, and happily the intelligent gastronome of the day does not consider it necessary to assume that a man's appetite is doubled or trebled when he goes to a dinner party. As a general rule, it may be said now that those menus with which the greatest care is taken are short ones, or at all events much shorter than they were formerly. They might possibly be yet further curtailed with advantage; but still a great improvement has undoubtedly been made, and a ridiculous and baneful superstition, productive of much weariness and much indigestion, weakened if not destroyed.

It is a little curious that while the French cooks, following a bad tradition of their predecessors, insisted on wanton profusion, some French gastronomes held a view which it must have been difficult to reconcile with the practice of multiplying dishes. Broadly speaking, these latter considered that there should be a proper sequence at a feast; that each flavour should be the legitimate and natural successor of that which preceded it; so that the arrangement of soup, relevés, entrées, and so forth, would form one perfect and complete whole, no part of which could be omitted without grave peril to the diner's soul. How much reason there was in this view of the composition of a dinner it would not be easy to say. About nothing has more nonsense been written and talked than about gastronomy, and probably an examination of the menus of the Verons and Pasquiers, of the men who, to use the French expression, both professed and practised, would show considerable divergence of opinion. If, however, the gastronomes indulged, like other mortals, in a little vapouring, and if they spoke rather too positively about what must be to some extent uncertain, there can be little doubt that in the main they were right; and if they were right, it necessarily follows—though they themselves may not always have perceived the sufficiently obvious fact—that at the perfectly planned dinner it ought to be possible to eat of everything without excess. Now no one with a human digestion could have done this at the overwhelming banquets which the French cooks loved to devise, and, though the connoisseurs may not always have acted logically according to their view, its tendency necessarily was to shorten dinners. In course of time it tended to produce the happy change which has been made. Now, fortunately, it is not considered imperative to banish good sense when a menu is composed.

Besides the improvement which has to a certain extent been made in curtailing dinners, there has been, it may be hoped, some improvement in arranging them, and this possibly will be carried yet further, and the best feature of the French cooks fully accepted. That they made one great mistake has just been shown; but, apart from this, their plan was and is excellent, and remains, beyond all dispute, the best yet invented for the delectation of man. In adopting it, however, the English dinner-giver of former times made, as we have before pointed out, a most extraordinary blunder. He failed to see that the leading principle of chefs in arranging the French repast was that the more substantial food should come first, and the lighter afterwards, and that the English joint should take the place of the French "grosse pièce," as it was formerly called, and come before the entrées. At a loss, apparently, what to do with it, the bewildered Englishman put it in between the entrées and the rôti, with a vague impression apparently that it had some sort of relationship to the rôti, and had best be near it. Of the absurdity of thus giving the most substantial dish near the end of dinner, and of the special inconvenience caused by following such a plan in England, it is not necessary now to speak, as these have been sufficiently pointed out before, and as they must indeed be obvious to any one who thinks the subject worthy of a little consideration. No errors are, however, more difficult to eradicate than those which are due to pure ignorance, and the strange idea that the most solid food must be given at the moment when it is least wanted still remains deeply rooted in the minds of conservative dinner-givers. Some, however, with what is really a truer conservatism, have rejected it, and the error is not by any means so universal as it was. Before a long time let it be hoped that it will be entirely dissipated, and that French dinners will no longer be served upside down. Those who wish to follow generally the French order without troubling themselves about detail have only to put the joint before the entrées, and they will be substantially right; while those who have a deeper thirst for knowledge and desire to understand minutiae, and to become exactly acquainted with the present practice of the French kitchen, have only to consult the famous work of the late Baron Brisse, or the excellent translation of it by Mrs. Matthew Clark, which was published last year (366 *Menus and 1,200 Recipes of Baron Brisse*. Sampson Low & Co.) In the introductory chapter the precise order in which a *dîner de cérémonie* should be served is carefully indicated, and in this of course the joint comes immediately after the fish. It may perhaps seem to some readers that the Baron has not altogether avoided the extravagance of which we have spoken, and that he names too many things; but it must be remembered that he is giving a theoretical dinner, and must necessarily be to some extent exhaustive. His bills of fare, which

show perhaps more variety and ingenuity than those of any other writer on cookery, and in which he has with such exquisite thoughtfulness included one for the 29th of February, are not, as need hardly be said, for feasts even of a moderate kind, but for every-day dinners of a few dishes, in which no very strict order is observed; but the host who contemplates a formal entertainment can easily, by culling from the Baron's numerous recipes, frame a very good menu. In drawing one up, however, either from his pages, from those of Vidalein, or if a loftier flight is desired, from the elaborate directions of Gouffé or Dubois, it is all-important to remember that studious disregard of the two great traditions of English dinner-giving is essential to success—one due to a servile imitation of the worst part of the French system, the other to a misunderstanding of that system. Happily there is now general scepticism as to the first, and some scepticism as to the second. When both have been swept away, dinners will be much better, possibly less expensive, and certainly more wholesome.

THE FIELD HOSPITAL INQUIRY.

THE remarkable conversation between Lord Hartington and Sir W. Barttelot on Thursday can hardly be said to have removed the uncomfortable impression resulting from the reading of the Report and evidence as to field hospitals published recently by the *Times*. It had been supposed that the days of Government or departmental favouritism towards particular journals were past. This, however, is but a minor matter. Lord Hartington indeed thinks that the manner of publication was "calculated to mislead," but he does not accuse the *Times* of garbling. There may be other things yet to know; but the accuracy of what is known does not seem to be disputed. Certainly the statements already published are both important and unpleasant. The inquiry was originally undertaken on account of the complaints made about the treatment of the wounded and sick during the Egyptian campaign; but it extended from the first far beyond the conduct of individual officers. Mr. Childers considered that it afforded an excellent opportunity for a general inquiry "into the question of hospital management and nursing in the field, as well as into the sea transport of sick and wounded." The Committee has now done its work, and the evidence given before it reveals a state of things which cannot be contemplated without indignation. It appears that stupidity and routine were allowed to cause a great deal of wholly unnecessary suffering. Miserable considerations of economy were thought of more importance than the comfort of the patients. They were left to lie on the ground because a sufficient number of hospital beds had not been sent from England, not only at Ismailia, but even at Cairo, where they could have been obtained in any number, according to Lord Wolsley, for two shillings and sixpence apiece in the neighbouring bazaars. In a country where good bread is cheap and abundant our sick were fed with an uneatable compound made out of flour supplied from England by the Commissariat, which turned bad on the journey. Even after the army had reached Cairo sufferers from inflammation in the eyes were left in a tent without mosquito-curtains, so that their faces were covered with flies. The cooking was shamefully bad, the attendance was insufficient, although any number of native servants could have been hired. It even appears to be proved that the hospital nurses were frequently unfit for their work. The convalescents were sent home in such filthy clothes that they became covered with vermin. All these things are very shocking, and prove that there has been great neglect of duty on the part of some at least of the officers of the Medical Department and Commissariat. But by far the most disgraceful thing is that an inquiry into the general management of field hospitals should be needed at all. Misconduct on the part of particular officers can never be wholly prevented, but with proper organization it can always be detected and punished. The result of the Committee's inquiry shows that the organization is radically wrong. And yet our War Office might by this time have learnt how to provide for the sick and wounded in war. It is now nearly thirty years since the Crimean War was just beginning. Since that we have had the Indian Mutiny and half a dozen little wars ourselves. The United States and every Great Power in Europe have had to fight in their turn, some of them more than once. In all these struggles the management of the field hospitals has been the object of careful attention, and medical science has been continually advancing. In spite, however, of these thirty years' experience and progress, our War Office is still inquiring into the best way of amending its system of field hospitals, and is tinkering the Army Medical Department.

It is high time that the responsibility for all this feeble bungling should be made to rest upon the proper shoulders. From the tone of some of the evidence given before the Committee it is very obvious that there is a tendency in some quarters to throw all the blame on the doctors. If they are indeed in fault, it is perfectly right that they should suffer; but before they are condemned it is to be hoped that it will be proved that they are really responsible. They should not be made a scapegoat for their official superiors. To judge by the statistics of the hospitals during the campaign, it would seem that their work was on the whole well done. There was no infectious wound disease. Only 3.02 per cent. of the wounded men died. None of the sufferers from inflammation in the eyes became blind. These facts are cited by Sir William MacCormac in his appendix to the Report of the Com-

mittee as proving that there was no want of zeal on the part of the medical officers; and it must be acknowledged that to a great extent they bear out his assertion. Lord Wolseley, who criticized the doctors with severity, acknowledged that they did their work under fire gallantly and efficiently. It is indeed not to be believed without the strongest evidence that a body of medical men would be guilty of inhumanity to their patients. In the present case there is no proof that they were guilty of such gross misconduct. Their share in the discredit of having caused the scandals of the campaign may be most fairly estimated from the recommendation of the Committee that in the future medical officers should have more power to obtain what is needed in the hospitals. At present they have to depend on the Commissariat, and wait till they are supplied. It is little less than monstrous that military officers should be held responsible for evils caused by their obedience to regulations. Lord Wolseley, in repeating his conversation with the medical officer in charge of the hospital at Cairo, says that he blamed him for not providing good bread, and yet acknowledges that he had no power to do it. That was the duty of the Commissariat, and it was very badly performed. The General himself does not seem to have gone beyond scolding his subordinate for not breaking through the pedantic regulations of the War Office. They should have been set aside; but the proper person to do it was the Commander-in-Chief, not a comparatively obscure medical officer. There is little doubt that any doctor who had taken a strong course in defiance of the rules for the sake of his patients would have been supported by public opinion; but that is not a kind of initiative which it is desirable to encourage on the part of military officers. Bad as the neglect of the sick is, it is better to endure a certain amount of it than to encourage the habit of appealing from the War Office to the newspapers. It is quite as necessary to feed the men in the ranks as those in hospital; but, if the Commissariat fails to send rations, a colonel is not thereby justified in levying requisitions on his own authority. The rule in military matters is very simple. Every precise order from a superior must be obeyed, and if the consequences are disastrous the responsibility rests with the man who gave the order.

On this principle it is not difficult to decide who is to blame for the blundering in Egypt. The War Office may be able to show that individual doctors were wanting in zeal; but it must be held responsible for the general failure of the medical department. It created the conditions under which the doctors had to work. The authorities in England ought to have known that beds would be wanted, and whether they could be got in Egypt or not. They should have known that mosquito curtains and whisks to keep off the flies would be needed, and have given the doctors power to get them. It is disgraceful that a department which has to feed a large body of men should not have known that flour is liable to turn bad when it is carried on a sea voyage in hot weather. Mr. Childers knew, he says, that the troops would be in Cairo by a certain day, and yet he did not see that proper precautions were taken to have them fed. Anybody in the camp could get good provisions except the Commissariat. The failure in the field hospitals is only part of the general administrative mismanagement. It would seem that our War Office has never got free from the habits formed during the long peace when it had to keep down expenses and hide an army which had no fighting to do except in India under another Government. The great object which it seems to set before itself is less to get the work done than to keep its accounts in order, and see that no jot or tittle of the sacred rules and regulations is offended against. We have heard much of late years of the necessity of encouraging the initiative of military officers, but this liberty seems to be only good for the men who fight. The others, who have to see that the army is fed and the sick provided for, are still tied down by minute and unelastic regulations. The recommendations of Lord Morley's Committee are all in the direction of allowing a wider discretion to medical officers. They will probably be acted on, and it is to be hoped that the same principle will be applied to the Commissariat. It is something that the War Office should be open to instruction, but it is very discreditable that the Committee should ever have had to sit.

FUNERAL MARRIAGES.

IRISH wakes are, it is well known, far from being such dismal affairs as square dances not uncommonly are. But, although some of them are distinctly jovial, even when they have not the satisfactory ending which distinguished Finigan's Wake, celebrated in song, it is not recorded that they become direct occasions for match-making—even of the widow. This is, however, the distinguishing characteristic of funerals among the Karens. The Karens are a people who live for the most part among the mountains of Burma, though some of them have come down to the plains in latter days. Under ordinary circumstances they are a quiet and peaceful, not to say a heavy, people. One branch of the race, indeed, is gifted with superabundant energy. The Red Karens have taken to themselves all the devilism which should have been distributed among their brethren, and figure as the absolute incarnation of the most hardened savages ever depicted by the most imaginative of writers of books for boys. They burn and plunder and murder and commit every atrocity short of being

cannibals, though some people aver that they do not even draw the line there. It seems probable, however, that they do not eat their victims, otherwise they would infallibly die of surfeit. Human flesh is said to be the most fattening possible nourishment, and cannibals are usually very sleek. The Karenn-nee, on the contrary, is very far from being sleek. He would probably be a much more estimable member of society if he were. The armchair view of cannibalism is that it owed its origin to fetishistic superstition, which is comforting to those who would rather have their fellow-mortals fools than ruffians. The belief is said to be that men ate their neighbours in order that they might be endowed with the qualities of the person eaten. The theory may fire the zeal of enthusiastic missionaries, who may hope to sow the seeds of piety in this if in no other way; but it cannot be the view of the Red Karens, if we assume them, for the sake of argument, to be actually cannibals. They have as confident a belief as a Birmingham Radical or a Centennial Yankee that they are superior to all else on the face of the globe, and therefore consumption of other nationalities could only deteriorate the race. They therefore probably do not "put the kettle on the fire" when they declare war, according to the significant custom of the Black-foot Indians. But there is really not much known about the Karenn-nee. The observation of their peculiarities is a great deal too much like sitting on the edge of a crater to take notes of an eruption. It is not, therefore, directly about the funeral marriages of the Red Karenn that we write. His brother of the lower ranges is a much more peaceable person. In fact, without making any direct comparison with the incorrigible Red Karenn, it is not too much to say that the ordinary Sgaw, or Taw Karenn, is a stolid, loutish being. Though he is unattractive and undemonstrative, his habits are not altogether amiable. His attitude towards water makes him as easily tracked as a fox. He will eat snakes, and horrifies Civil Service officials by making a meal off a commissariat elephant that has died of natural causes, or off cattle that have succumbed to foot-and-mouth disease. English merchants who do business in timber with him find it necessary to transact all their affairs before twelve o'clock in the day. After that hour the average Karenn becomes too blind drunk even to be cheated, or shows kinship to his "Red" brother by developing an awkward belief that the trader is a tree that has got to be pruned. This is hostile to commercial undertakings, for Karenn *dahs* are nasty things to stop with the legs or arms. Imaginative persons tell you that every man you meet on the hill-paths carries a skin of brandy on his back. A flexible pipe connects this with his mouth, and the wily mountaineer is thus saved the trouble of stopping to have a drink. This is, however, rather too florid an account of the state of the liquor trade. There is no law as to *bona-fide* travellers, and the Karenn usually gets comfortably fuddled on his own premises, when he has the requisite supplies, which happens all too seldom for his wishes.

When the Karenn dies, his relatives are usually either too busy or too lazy to conduct the funeral rites in the way customary among other peoples, not to speak of the marriages which must accompany the ceremony according to ancient tradition. It may be the seed-time or the harvest-time, when everybody is out in the rice-fields, and it is absurd to suppose that any one can have leisure either to display decent grief or to make the arrangements for the proper ceremonials. In the cold weather it is contrary to etiquette to make any of the usual demonstrations; for there are many whom even the most plentiful supply of raw spirits and the most entrancing of love-songs could not induce to forget the temperature, and the corpse would therefore be wasted. In the hot weather, again, half the neighbours are probably away, with pigs in bamboo baskets on their backs, to sell in the lowland villages to Chinamen whose own styes do not furnish the necessary abundance of pork. A wake under these circumstances would be an atrocity that would call back the dead man's spirit to haunt, not merely his old house, but the entire village. Such a thing is not to be thought of where there is already too abundant a supply of supernatural creatures, all of them claiming to be appeased by offerings. In the rains the girls would simply refuse to risk their finery, and there could be no marriages, without which the funeral would be a mere absurdity. When, therefore, a Karenn dies, he is promptly put into a hole in the ground anywhere handy to await the course of events. Pointed stakes are fixed in the earth round about, or a cactus fence is set up, to prevent the dogs from getting at the body before the time when it is wanted for the funeral. If the deceased has been a man of substance or of note, his body is probably burnt, to get over any possible calamity of this kind and to ensure the appearance of the remains when the time comes. The convenience of the neighbourhood then determines the period when the funeral ceremony is to come off. The mere putting of the body underground, or cremating it, is an unimportant though necessary detail, which has no connexion with the actual rites. If there are a large number of marriageable young women or eligible bachelors in the village, the event may take place at no very distant period; but if there has been an epidemic or any unusual mortality, it may be delayed for a considerable time. However eminent the deceased may have been, his body must wait its turn. The corpse which is finally laid at rest under six months is unusually lucky; many far more estimable bodies have had to wait two, and occasionally even as much as three or four, years for the final ceremonial. When the time does come, a rough bamboo stage or platform is run up in front of the house that the deceased used to occupy, and the bones are dug up out of their temporary resting-place. They

are then wrapped up in a linen sheet and deposited on the stage, which is adorned with irregular, streaming tags of cloth hung all over it. Where the family is poor the remains are sometimes laid on a mat stretched on the bare ground. These details of the funeral and the rank of the corpse are, however, a matter of indifference to those most obviously concerned in the function. These are not the family or relatives of the deceased, but the unmarried persons of either sex in the village, or in that particular village and some neighbouring township. As soon as it has been determined to bring off the funeral, a notice is sent round to the effect that old Lèdè, who died eighteen months ago, is to be buried and that the girls of Plomadoh and the young men of the Paylawá village are going to make a marrying match. No secret is made of the matter, and people from other villages are free to come and look on and enjoy themselves as extensively as they can, but they are not allowed to take any direct part in the festivities. It is common enough for spectators of both sexes to come in large numbers, but their proceedings are limited to criticism and the picking up of ideas for future attempts of their own in the matrimonial market. There are, of course, a large number of old people present, but whether to do honour to the obsequies of their former neighbour in what Europeans would consider the orthodox way is not apparent. It appears more likely that they are there to observe the doings of their young charges; otherwise their meditations on the transitoriness of human life and the virtues of the departed must be somewhat distorted and fragmentary, considering the nature of the proceedings transacted before their eyes.

The young men and maidens separate into two choirs and seat themselves on opposite sides of the remains. All of them are dressed in their gayest, as unlike hired mutes as it is possible to imagine. The family jewels are displayed on their persons, and their minds are primed with the erotic anthology of several generations. Tottering grandsires and shrivelled beldames may be seen coaching their descendants in telling similes and coquettish responses up to within a few minutes of the opening of the funeral service. This begins with a chorus by the men celebrating the beauties of the Karenn maiden in general, her charms of movement and her modesty of carriage, a side-shot levelled at the hide-and-seek glimpses of the Burmese damsel's limbs. The girls respond in a falsetto of the usual drawling character, calmly accepting the eulogy of their graces, and making delicate allusions to the fifteen hundred desires, to some of which it is not impossible they may succumb. These overtures are usually set pieces, handed down from antiquity, or rendered into Karenn from some popular Burmese play; hence the many references to Madee, the model wife of the charitable Prince Waythandaya; the Tha-gyah King; and other familiar characters of Burmese Buddhism. This preliminary being over, the actual business begins, and the young bachelors, each in their turn, deliver themselves of love-stricken solos, directed by name to the damsel, whether previously known or not, who has won their affections. The most muscular swains are allowed by common consent to sing first, so that there may be the less chance of quarrels. It must, however, be admitted that the aspirants are wonderfully business-like. They have got themselves strung up to the marrying point, and that being reached, it seems to be a mere detail what young lady furnishes the result. A sweetly charmed rebuff has little power to put them out of countenance. They simply wait their turn again, and make an attack on the heart of some maiden who is not so difficult to please. The matter of the proposals thus publicly made is not as a rule very violently original. The girl is compared to a flower, to the hare in the moon, to the stars, to a rosary of emeralds or rubies, to a maid of the Palace, or to a nat-daughter of the skies. It is asserted that she would ruin the peace of mind of a hermit, and bring him back to sober housekeeping; no painter could copy her charms, his picture would be a failure, and he would be infallibly knocked on the head by the singer for his impudence in venturing so hopeless an attempt. The once-rejected suitor usually adopts the plaintive line; he is so disturbed in mind that he can neither eat nor drink; he perspires so with agitation that he will die before morning; he is like the water-lily that fades away when the sun shines upon it; he is like the sun itself, for he cannot rest in peace, but roams about vaunting the praises of his love through all the countryside. It may naturally be thought that the girls thus publicly wooed ought to feel embarrassed. If they are, Karenn maidens show more than feminine tact in keeping concealed whatever awkwardness they may feel. They look as if they liked the situation rather than otherwise. The answering of the proposal is a different matter. Ladies all the world over, under such circumstances, give answers which, common report says, ought not to be taken too literally. It is the same with the Karenn belle. Her answer, as a rule, is stereotyped. All the praise is appropriated as little more than her just due. She declares that it is a shameful thing not to be married, but it is a worse matter still to be divorced afterwards; "to be like a dress that has been washed"; but she will do what she is bid, though she cannot think of being anything but afraid of a man yet. All of which makes the aspiring lover on the other side of the dead body grin from ear to ear with satisfaction. Occasionally, however, a sprightly damsel strikes out a line for herself. She hints that the song directed to her is rather niggardly in its praises. She is not going to sell herself under cost price. If people like to say she is mad after a husband, let them say so; she is not like a day dim with the heat-haze; not like a diamond that has lost the foil below to set it off; not like a peacock's tail

dragged in the wet. The signification of which is that the wrong man has sung to her, and the lucky swain will be a marvellous fool if her eyes do not let him know that his suing will have a pleasanter answer. Now and then a man gets a direct refusal, and as it is difficult to invest a blunt "No" with melodious merit, the rejection is couched in somewhat the following fashion:—"Come to me when the full moon appears on the first day of the month. Come dressed in clothes that have never been stitched. Dress and come before you wake. Eat your rice before it is cooked and come before daylight." Such episodes are, however, rare, and generally occur through a swain's applying for the hand of one who is generally known to be reserving herself for somebody else. The young man consoles himself with a philosophical pipe, and neither receives nor expects condolences on his rebuff. So the funeral service goes on, until it is plain that no more alliances can be made. There is no absolute necessity that all the musical performers should pair off. Neither the dignity of the funeral nor the exigencies of the matrimonial market demand that. Among great numbers of the Karenn this is the only legitimate way of courting, and the girls do not like being proposed to in any other way. No doubt there are passages beforehand which will simplify matters when the decisive moment comes, but they are contraband, and only excusable on the ground of shyness or excessive sensibility. Deaths are therefore occasionally, in small hamlets, looked forward to with very considerable interest by the younger portion of the community.

With the matrimonial settlements the main portion of the funeral ceremony is over. The youths and maidens retire, and it devolves upon the elders to finish the rites. On one side of the bier there is a post set up in the ground, and to this is attached by a cord a ring, or some light article of the kind, which the deceased habitually wore. As soon as the antiphonal singing and popping the question is over, this ring begins to swing backwards and forwards, and remains in constant motion without any obvious cause. Thereupon the relatives and friends of the deceased walk up, one after the other, to the post, and stand before it. If the ring goes on swinging they retire. When at last some one who was especially dear to the dead man approaches, the ring either falls off or stops dead. The person thus pointed out by the spirit takes the ring and marches off chuckling. This is the signal for the smashing of all the crockery that belonged to the deceased, as well as of any other articles which are not of much use to the family. That ends the service. The bits of crockery are gathered up and put in a covered basket by a man hired for the purpose. He then follows the relatives, who carry the remains up the slopes of the Akoung-toung, or some other burial hill. There the bones are finally deposited in the grave. The broken crockery is left by the side of it, and occasionally a small white pagoda is erected to keep away evil spirits. The courtships begun and finished at the funeral are the most essential part of it. They may be followed by immediate marriage, or rather housekeeping, or there may be a delay, according as the parties please. If the contracting couple belong to villages at any distance from one another, probably some days intervene; but when the question has once been settled, neither of the two can withdraw without paying smart-money for the breach of promise, and running the risk of being haunted by the dead man's ghost.

FRENCH FINANCE.

THE present French Ministry is making good progress in restoring the finances to order. When the Bourse panic occurred at the beginning of last year, the Government of the day found itself in an embarrassing position. The last issue of Redeemable Rentes, made a few months before, had been taken by the great capitalists, it is true, but it had not been absorbed by the investing public. The great capitalists are, in the market for securities, like wholesale and retail dealers in the market for commodities; they buy for the purpose of selling again to the ultimate consumers, who in this case are the investors. And when they are unable to sell again, they are in as great embarrassment as a shopkeeper whose whole capital is locked up in goods which he cannot dispose of. The investing public in France refused to take this loan, and the Bourse panic strengthened their disinclination. But the great capitalists, finding their capital locked up in the loan, were unable to make further advances to the Government, and thus the Government saw that it was impossible for a considerable time to issue a new loan. Yet it was in need of a loan. It has committed itself to the construction of a vast network of railways, as well as to the construction of ports, canals, school-houses, and other public works, which are estimated to cost an enormous sum of money; and every day that these public works last the floating debt grows larger and larger. To add to the embarrassments of the Government, the revenue began to fall off, in consequence partly of the Bourse panic and partly of the long-continued agricultural depression. When therefore M. Léon Say became Minister of Finance, he estimated that at the end of this year the floating debt would amount to the enormous sum of 120 millions sterling. He took measures, however, to cut it down. He funded in the form of terminable annuities 48 millions sterling, and he postponed as much of the expenditure on public works as it was possible to put off for a time. Still the floating debt remained inconveniently large, and when the present Government came into office

the amount had been increased by all the expenditure of the past twelve months. The new Ministry therefore set itself diligently to work to cut down the expenditure, so as to bring about as nearly as possible an equilibrium between income and outlay; and it also endeavoured to find a means of stopping the growth of the floating debt. With a view to the first object, it converted the Five per Cent. Debt into a Four-and-a-Half per Cent. In financial circles in Paris it was strongly urged that the conversion should be into Three per Cents., but M. Tirard prudently refused to do this. As the price of the Three per Cents. was only about two-thirds of the price of the Five per Cents., it was evident that the holders of the Fives would not consent to accept Threes instead, unless they received a large bonus—in other words, they would not voluntarily give up one-third of their capital. But if the Government was to grant them a bonus in order to induce them to accept the Three per Cents., it would increase the burden of future generations of Frenchmen for the sake of a small reduction in the present charge of the debt. Very properly, therefore, M. Tirard refused to do this. Moreover, if he had converted into Three per Cents. at once, there would have been no future saving possible by further reductions of interest. By converting into Four and a Half, on the contrary, he added nothing to the principal of the debt. The price of the Four and a Half was so nearly equal to that of the Fives that the holders of the latter readily accepted the former in exchange without any bonus. And at the same time by the conversion he saved nearly 1,400,000*l.* a year—a very substantial economy. Further, he leaves it possible to his successors ten years hence to make a further reduction by which an additional saving may be effected without adding to the principal of the debt. The conversion, as we have said, was accepted readily by the holders of the Five per Cents. It is reported that only six persons in all France refused to accept Four and a Half, and insisted upon being paid off at par. But the amount held by these six persons was so insignificant that their action would seem to have been somewhat of the nature of a practical joke. To all intents and purposes it may be said that the conversion was unanimously accepted by the holders of the Fives.

The conversion, as we have said, reduced the annual charge of the debt, which just now is an important thing when income falls short of outlay. But a much more embarrassing matter was the steady growth of the floating debt. The question for M. Tirard to consider was how to stop its further growth. The debt has been incurred partly in the reconstruction of the fortresses and the reconstitution of the *matériel* of war, but chiefly in the making of railways and other great public works. The Freycinet scheme, as it is called, contemplates the construction of railways in the remoter and poorer parts of France, which are estimated to cost altogether in round figures about 360 millions sterling. If this scheme were to be carried out by the State, the floating debt must grow at a very rapid rate, or else large loans must be raised every year or two. In the present state of the Bourse a great loan of the kind hitherto approved is, as we have seen, impossible, and therefore the rapid growth of the floating debt becomes inevitable. But such a growth of the floating debt would place the Government in a position of such serious embarrassment that it has decided to put a stop to it at any cost. Accordingly, acting upon the policy laid down by M. Léon Say at the beginning of last year, it reopened negotiations with the great Railway Companies, and it has already concluded a convention with the Lyons Company, which no doubt will serve as a model for conventions with all the other Companies. The Government divided the lines included in the Freycinet scheme which have been "classed"—that is, already approved—into three categories, and it decided that the first two categories should without avoidable delay be completed. And to induce the great Railway Companies to relieve the State of the task, and to construct the lines themselves, is the object of the negotiations now opened. As already stated, the Lyons Company has agreed to the proposals of the Government, but the consideration it has received is known only very vaguely. The Company undertakes to construct certain lines of the first two categories and to work them, finding the capital; while the Government, on its part, undertakes to pay the Company an annuity in discharge of all claims for guaranteed interest and advances of capital. As, however, the State revenue at present is rather falling off, and does not cover the expenditure, the Government is anxious to avoid paying a large annuity at once. It therefore agrees to modify the old concession granted to the Company, and in return the Company agrees that the annuity shall be small at first, increasing gradually for ten or twelve years, at the end of that time reaching its maximum. It is hoped, of course, that the revenue of the State will increase largely in the ten or twelve years, and that the embarrassments now experienced will therefore have passed away.

The advantage of this arrangement for the State is that it shifts from its own shoulders to those of the Company the cost of making the new lines. It will therefore not have to issue a new loan or to increase the floating debt on account of these railways, and at the same time even the interest upon the cost of the loans will only gradually become a charge upon the State. At first sight, however, it appears more doubtful whether the Companies—for, doubtless, the conventions with all of them will be similar—will obtain an advantage. They have to borrow all the money needed for the construction of these lines, and only gradually will they receive interest from the State. On the other hand, as the new lines are

to be constructed in remote, poor, and economically ill-situated parts of the country, it is not probable that they will ever be very profitable. It would seem therefore that the bargain can hardly be a good one for the Railway Companies. But it is extremely improbable that the Companies would deliberately enter into an unprofitable bargain. They see that the Government is in difficulties, and has no option but to come to an arrangement with them. They are, therefore, masters of the situation. And we may be sure that they have not hesitated to use their advantage to the utmost. Possibly the modifications of the old concessions may be found to give them such advantages that the immediate relief obtained by the State will be dearly purchased. Or it may be that the annuities to be paid are heavier than the general public supposes. The actual conditions are only known in a general way, for only one convention has yet been concluded, and of course it has not been made public as yet. But in any case, wherever the advantage is, it clearly proves that those who agitated for the purchase of the railways by the State were really not far out in their calculations. Whether the Companies have obtained an advantage by the modification of their old concessions, or whether the new lines are conceded to them on such terms that they will be profitable, it is clear that they see their gain in securing themselves against the risk of purchase by the State, even at the cost of making comparatively unprofitable lines. It is evident, then, that M. Leroy-Beaulieu cannot have been right in estimating that the purchase of the railways by the State would inflict upon the French taxpayers an absolute loss of 100 millions sterling. Railway shareholders, we may be sure, would gladly sell their property if they were to get a clear gain of 100 millions sterling. Evidently, then, the existing concessions of the Railway Companies in France must be extremely advantageous, so advantageous indeed that to secure themselves for a definite number of years against purchase they are willing to enter into what have hitherto been supposed to be unprofitable works. Another point worthy of attention is that much of the embarrassment suffered by the Government is due to the form in which it has insisted upon raising the loans for the construction of these public works. These loans have been in the form of Redeemable Rentes running for seventy-five years. In other words, they have been long terminable annuities. But we know from our own experience in this country that terminable annuities, whether long or short, will not be bought by the general public. Investors do not like to have to discriminate between what is interest and what is principal in the periodical payments they receive, and to be obliged to form a sinking fund for themselves. They prefer, therefore, to buy stocks in which the distinction between capital and interest is already clearly marked. It would probably, therefore, have been much easier to raise a public loan, if the French Government had raised it in the form of permanent debt, not of terminable annuities. Of course the object of choosing terminable annuities was to ensure the redemption of the newly created debt. The practical effect, as we see, is that the French public will not take these new loans. And consequently the Government has had to give up its plan of constructing a great network of State railways, and has had to do so on terms so unfavourable to itself that the great Railway Companies, being masters of the situation, have been able to dictate their own conditions. As regards the French taxpayers the chief interest attaching to the new conventions has reference to the modifications of the old concessions. At present the old concessions come to an end about the middle of next century, and then the whole of the Railways of France will become the immediate property of the State. Their present value is estimated at about 400 millions sterling, and by the middle of next century it does not seem an over-estimate that the value will be at least 600 millions sterling. When, therefore, the concessions come to an end, the State will be in a position either to sell or to lease anew those lines on terms so favourable as would practically wipe out half the existing debt of France. But if to escape its present embarrassments the Government prolongs the concessions for an unreasonable time, it will ultimately increase very heavily the burdens of France.

THE PARIS SALON.

THIS is, on the whole, a very satisfactory exhibition, and the level of talent displayed in it is high, although some of it is grievously misapplied. The effect first produced on entering is, however, decidedly shocking; as, for some unaccountable reason, the most worthless trash in the Gallery has been collected in the "Salon carré," in which, moreover, no particular alphabetical order seems to have been observed in the placing of the pictures. This room is disgraced by a huge canvas, signed by M. Lacroix, and described in the catalogue as "*La Gorge aux Loups*" in the forest of Fontainebleau." Here we have lumps of dough purporting to be rocks, and leaves of an atrocious arsenical green growing upon trees that are suggestive of huge conger eels; while close by we are treated to a view of a knacker's yard, of which it is not too much to say that the execution is even nastier than the subject. Pictures of this class are happily becoming more rare every year, although the detestably false sentiment which calls them into being is not yet wholly dead. It is idle to dwell upon these monstrosities, and we turn to what is most elevated in French art. M. Jules Breton, whose long and laborious life has

been marked by constant progress, sends a picture which surpasses all his former achievements. In "Le Matin" he displays a poetic feeling and a strong grasp of the most delicate effects of nature which we have sought for in vain since the death of the great master of modern art, Jean-François Millet. A young peasant and peasant woman stand on opposite sides of a narrow stream in a broad pasture land, illuminated by the clear strong light of an early morning sun. The distant hills and the village, with its church spire, are dimly seen through rising mist—cows, horses, and pigs are browsing or running free in the meadow. All has been seen and interpreted by the eye and hand of a great poetic artist. Of his other picture, "L'Arc en Ciel," we cannot say so much—the grouping of the figures is slightly conventional; it is, however, a fine work, and well worth careful study. M. Feyen Perrin sends a very remarkable work this year, "Danse au Crépuscule," a circle of nude female figures with flying drapery. Every line of the drawing is full of style, the colour is strong and sober, and a high imaginative sentiment pervades the picture. M. Cazin is seen at his best. "Judith—le Départ" seems to us to be in every way a great work of art. It is much discussed on account of the fact that M. Cazin has made use of modern costume in treating his subject. The general impression of colour and atmosphere is very fine. Judith stands in the evening light at the foot of the city walls, and looks solemnly forth; her face has a wonderful intensity of expression. The townsmen light their watch-fires on the towers; in the foreground is a group of exquisite beauty. There is a stillness and awe in the figures which tells in grand contrast against one of the tormented skies with shifting colour and light in which M. Cazin delights. There is some indefinable quality in this beautiful work which is vaguely suggestive of William Blake.

There is an unfortunate stiffness about the three flying figures, "L'Amour, la Gloire, et la Richesse," which appear to M. Puvion de Chavannes's dreamer in "Le Rêve." "L'Amour au Village," by M. Bastien-Lepage, has many remarkable qualities, but it completely lacks atmosphere and is painfully crude in colour. M. Gervex has an excellent picture, the interior of a "Bureau de Bienfaisance," which is full of life and well observed. Among the portraits we find much interesting work. M. Bonnat has two superb canvases—a portrait of the American Minister at Paris, Mr. Morton, and another of a lady. That of Mr. Morton is a kit-cat, while the lady's portrait is full length. In Mr. Morton's portrait the head and hands are miracles of painting; the exquisite correctness and subtlety of drawing, the powerful colour and wonderful breadth of modelling, in which every detail seems to have been taken in at one glance, make up an *ensemble* of which it is impossible to form any idea without seeing the picture. His treatment of the dress ought to be a sufficient answer to those who say that modern costume is meaningless and uninteresting. The lady's portrait shows the same qualities. She wears a deep blue velvet dress, relieved by a string of pearls. The gloves are treated with that masterly execution which M. Bonnat seems alone to possess, and express the hands without any undue insistence of line. The whole figure is grand in its dignity, from which, however, something is perhaps taken off by the train of the dress being carried into one corner of the frame. The reproach of hardness and metallic quality which has been levelled at M. Bonnat cannot possibly be laid to his charge this year. Very different in aim and style is Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, which is too well known in London to require description, and which has fairly taken the artistic world in Paris by storm. This work of Mr. Whistler's certainly gains upon one every time it is seen. In the first rank of portrait-painters is M. Besnard, who sends a charmingly delicate and graceful portrait of a lady and child sitting in a studio—one of the most winning portraits we have seen for a long time. He also exhibits a portrait of a lady in black walking through a suite of rooms, which is alike admirable in tone and colour and thoroughly original in treatment. In the "Exposition des Arts Décoratifs" he displays a richness of invention and a happiness of execution which can seldom be met with. Among other portraits we may remark "Un peu de Repos," by M. Friant. A painter sits smoking a cigarette in front of an unfinished landscape; the figure is full of life and excellently treated. M. Comerre's portrait of "Mlle. Achille Fould" is in every respect a remarkable work—a young lady, in a red Japanese dress covered with gold embroidery, holds a parasol of the same colour as the dress, which is again repeated in the background. It is a daring and thoroughly successful experiment. The drawing of the head is full of delicate refinement, and the colour is throughout admirable. Mr. Chase also sends two excellent portraits. Mr. Stott has followed up his success of last year with two charming pictures, "Ronde d'Enfants" and "L'Atelier du Grandpère." The first of these is a dance of children on the sands in the evening, with the sea in the background; their legs are reflected in a quiet pool. It is a delightful picture, full of pleasant sentiment; but we prefer "L'Atelier du Grandpère," in which a little girl is seen playing in a carpenter's shop. This is to our mind one of the most charming works in the Salon; it is perhaps a trifle wanting in solidity in some places; but the whole effect of it is delicious. M. Falguères, whose work is always admirable, has a fine picture, "Le Sphinx," in which the monster is dimly seen through the dark mist of its cave, the entrance of which is strewn with victims. He has also a portrait of a lady of rare merit, full of rich colour and solid work. Mr. Sargent's "Portraits d'Enfants" is a delightful picture, full of freshness and life—the children are playing in a large room; anything more happily unlike the

"official" portraits of the day cannot be imagined. Here there is no "posing" of the figures, no straining after the violent contrasts of light and shade which are only obtainable in a studio, and which are never seen in the surroundings in which most people live. M. Carolus Duran's work is, if possible, more vulgar than usual this year. His portrait of "Mme. H." is hideous in colour and offensively inaccurate in drawing, while his "Vision," which shows us an ugly little temptress screening a crucifix from the sight of a lop-sided old saint in the midst of an impossible landscape is hardly worth speaking of.

Turning for a moment to the sculpture we find a most remarkable work in relief by M. Dalou, "Etats Généraux, séance du 23 juin, 1789." In this noble work, which M. Dalou describes in the catalogue as "d'un haut-relief," the moment is chosen when Mirabeau makes his historical answer to the Marquis de Breux-Brézé:—"Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple et nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes." The figures of Mirabeau and the Marquis stand out in full relief from the rest of the composition; there is a world of fiery energy in the strong nervous gesture of Mirabeau in powerful contrast with the cold high bearing of the Marquis. The lookers-on at the scene crowd round on the benches with breathless interest—every head is suggestive of concentrated emotion, every gesture of body and limb is full of intense significance. This is a work of true genius. It is to be placed in the Chamber of Deputies. Among the landscapes there is an abundance of good work—the Dutch and Belgian schools show to great advantage. M. de Bock's admirable "Le Bac en Hollande" calls for especial comment. M. Cooseman's "Chemin en Campine" is also a thoroughly satisfactory work of art. M. Israels, in addition to a very impressive interior, "L'Enfant qui dort," sends a fine landscape with two figures which is full of atmosphere. M. Montenard sends two excellent pictures—a troopship leaving Toulon, and a cemetery on the Mediterranean shore. Both are remarkable for brilliant light and air and for the directness and simplicity of the treatment. M. Defaux's landscapes are worthy of careful study; they give everything that can be given by a painter who does not see the poetry that is never absent in nature. Very different from these works is Mr. Harry Thompson's "Dans les Dunes—effet du Matin." At the first glance the general effect of colour may seem somewhat cold; but this impression speedily vanishes before the beautiful scheme of pearly grey tone in which the picture is carried out. A shepherd stands watching his sheep on the downs; the sun has not yet fully risen, and the full moon is seen near the horizon. The grand sweep of line and the poetic feeling with which we are brought face to face make this a work in which high aims and achievement meet. Mr. Hawkins's "Le Soir—Marine" is an exquisite little picture, beautiful alike in colour and refined sentiment. M. Luigi Loir has painted an evening effect at "Le Point du Jour" remarkable for the management of shifting light and the movement of the water. There are the usual number of "grandes tartines" as bad as they are wont to be; the worst is undeniably M. Rochegrosse's "Andromaque," which is full of blood and vulgarity and false execution. M. Giron sends a huge picture with a moral to it which is cleverly worked out, and would be well enough if it had been executed on a small canvas. In M. Bertrand's "Le Printemps qui passe" size takes the place of merit. M. Henner's "La Femme qui lit" is a masterly study of flesh-painting.

We conclude by drawing attention to "Les Chardons," by M. Naegely, a charmingly refined and delicate piece of work which has been unaccountably "skied," and which is certainly deserving of a better fate.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES—IV.

THE pictures in this year's Academy which are neither portraits nor landscapes are, with few exceptions, singularly disappointing. They are at most honest workmanship, and nothing more. The first duty of the painter is to know how to paint, no doubt; but when he has got so far, we may reasonably ask him to tell us something. Now our artists this year have been content to tell us nothing. They have not even attempted to produce poetic work. The high art of Mr. Gandish is not a thing to be encouraged; but when the artist has attained to a fair level of skill in draughtsmanship, it ought to be considered to his honour that he has tried to make a great picture, even if he fails. The complaint against the Galleries of this year is not that they contain no really great work, but that they are full of the canvases of men who can do nothing better with their skill than devote it to small subjects in a petty spirit. There is hardly more than one picture in the Academy which is even an attempt at the "grand style," and this one is the "Too Late" of Mr. Dicksee (232). This, in spite of its size, is miserably small. The colour is singularly unhappy and the composition is woefully feeble. The foolish virgin who kneels in the front in a blaze of gaslight has an expression of mere physical nausea on her face. A gold-leaf moon floats overhead in a sea of black-blue ink. Of the two pictures which are at all poetic in conception, one is by Mr. Millais; the other is by Mr. Bottomley, an artist settled in Paris. Mr. Millais's "Grey Lady" (58) is a ghostly figure of a woman in a flowing dress creeping up a winding staircase. What she is meant to represent we do not know, and we do not care. Perhaps a sleep-walker, or, better still, the family ghost of some ancient house.

The essential thing is that the picture appeals powerfully to our feeling of awe. Mr. Bottomley's "Maternité" (642) touches a very different chord. He has painted a thin, anxious, overworked woman of the people carrying a heavy child in her arms. She stands before a picture of the Virgin and Child, and turns to look at it with an expression of sadness which is, as it were, impersonal. Mr. Bottomley has perhaps not been directly inspired by Millet or by M. Israels, but he works in the same spirit. He contrives, without being theatrical, and with a wholesome disdain of the trumpery resource of symbols, to suggest the poverty and weariness and toil of a whole class. The woman is perhaps not sad herself, not conscious of any particular hardness in her own lot; she stands there as the expression of the maternity of the labouring poor, which is too often a crushing burden.

The historical pictures are one and all pictures of genre. Mr. A. C. Gow's "Trophies of Victory" (239) represents a number of gentlemen in seventeenth-century dresses sitting over their dessert. Without the catalogue, who could tell that we have here Maurice of Nassau and his officers glorying and drinking deep to celebrate the victory at Nieuport? The dresses are accurate, no doubt, and the figures are well drawn in natural attitudes; but, their picturesque trappings notwithstanding, they are commonplace. Heroes may, perhaps, not look heroic after dinner in real life, but they should upon canvas. Mr. Orchardson's "Voltaire" (271) is a far more striking work, but it also has the defect of requiring explanation. If it were hung with no extract from Mr. Carlyle to tell the story, we might not find it easy to spell the meaning out for ourselves. Voltaire expostulating with the Duke de Sully might almost pass for a furious dun who had come to the end of his patience. The subject is not pictorial enough to speak for itself; but when once the story is told us we can see that Mr. Orchardson has worked it out with much vigour. There is a fine contrast between the expression of Voltaire's face, white, and drawn with rage, and the quiet impertinence of the Duke, which is repeated with a dexterous variety on the faces of the guests. Their attitudes as they sit or stand round the table have been caught and interpreted in a masterly way. The prevailing tone on the canvas is a yellowish brown. Mr. Orchardson is too fond of yellow, but in this case it is neither obtrusive nor monotonous. Mr. Lockhart is obviously conscious that his "Cardinal Beaton, St. Andrews, 29th May, 1564," tells its story worse than the "Voltaire," for he instructs the visitor to the Gallery to "see" the works of John Knox, vol. i. pp. 175-177. It would do the visitor no harm to see the very vigorous prose of that great man, but we are afraid they will scarcely be moved to do it by Mr. Lockhart's picture, which is curiously lifeless. The Cardinal stands all red, sword in hand, and looks on while a servant props what is apparently an iron German stove up against a door. If Mr. Lockhart wanted to paint the wicked Cardinal, why did he not choose the moment when he lay bleeding in the chair with Ramsay's sword at his throat and muttering, "Fie, fie, I am a priest"? Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Whip for Van Tromp" (653) is a companion picture to Mr. Gow's "Trophies of Victory." A number of gentlemen, very well painted, sit round a table on which lies a drawing of a ship. It is good work, but somewhat dull.

But who will deliver us from Cavaliers and Roundheads? We are not afflicted with so many of them as we have seen in former years, but there are still more than enough; and if we are to have them it would be a great relief if their tone were a little changed. Up to the present it has been a species of routine with artists to make the Puritan the villain of their scenes. There is no artistic reason why the Puritan should always have an ugly face and a forbidding scowl. To what taste does Mr. Crofts appeal, or on what principle does he work, when he paints Oliver Cromwell with the expression of an angry ruffian? It would be more polite to the men he conquered to represent Cromwell as the great soldier and statesman that he was. Mr. Crofts's picture, "At the Sign of the 'Blue Boar,' Holborn" (201), is, however, clever enough. The figures are well drawn, and the dresses are doubtless accurate. It is possibly a mistake of Mr. Crofts to have put the King's messenger who has just been arrested at the "Blue Boar" into such a showy dress. The man would have been wise enough not to attract attention, and in any case would not have set out on a long ride in a costly blue satin doublet. But that is a small fault. The capital defect of the picture is that Mr. Crofts, having undertaken to paint a great man at a critical moment, has given him the appearance of a captain of highwaymen. The companion picture, "Charles on his way to Execution" (1502), is better conceived. The face of Charles is expressionless, but the general composition is striking. The long lines of musketeers and pikemen who keep the road through the Park look firm and soldierly, and a general air of desolation is over all the scene. "The Trial of a Noble Family before the Blood Council, Antwerp, 1567" (723), by Mr. P. Sidney Holland, is simply a repetition in composition of the "Galileo before the Inquisitors," which was hung almost in the same place last year.

From historical pictures to military is only a step. There are but few in the Academy, and none are remarkable. Our military painters have been as prompt as the manager of the "national theatre." In a certain famous melodrama a scene of battle in Afghanistan has been painted out, and replaced by one in Egypt, between a first appearance and a revival. A similar transformation has been going on apparently in many studios. Last year

we had Maiwand, and this year it is Tel-el-Kebir. In the latter case, at least, we cannot say the change is for the better. Mr. F. Villiers's "Fighting Arabi with his own Weapons" (101) is a poor and straggling piece of work. The few redcoats who are turning an Egyptian gun against the enemy are scattered almost aimlessly about. "British Artillery entering the Enemy's Lines at Tel-el-Kebir" (1482), by Mr. Charlton, is a distinctly better picture. It represents an incident much spoken about at the time—the dragging of one of the guns of the Horse Artillery over the Egyptian embankment—and is not wanting in vigour and movement. The drawing is somewhat wild and the painting splashy.

A great number of artists have, as usual, gone to literature for their inspiration. The pictures they have painted under its influence are essentially genre work, even when the subject affords an opening for the poetic and the beautiful. Sir John Gilbert's "Don Quixote" (20) we have already spoken of as wanting in insight; like almost every other artist who has tried the same task, he has quite overlooked what ought to be obvious to everybody who has read the book—the fact that the Don was a very noble, lovable, and high-minded gentleman. It is strange, too, that artists, with the distinct directions of Cervantes before them, will insist on painting the Manchegan knight like a walking skeleton. He was tall, strong, a great hunter, and an early riser. "The Merab" (91) and "Michal" (97) of Mr. Long are scarcely more successful. It would appear as if this painter, having selected a satisfactory model for his Esther, has been content to go on painting her ever since. "The Forgotten Sheaf" (247), by Mr. Walker, which he illustrates by a verse from Deuteronomy, is one of those pictures so familiar in the Academy, in which a pretty moral has to do duty for artistic merit. An old woman and a young girl are bringing a forgotten sheaf—the property of the poor according to Biblical precept—from a field. The drawing of the figures is unworthy of the excellence of the sentiment. The girl is so strangely misdrawn that one of her legs seems not to belong to her. Mr. Clark has been inspired by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and has chosen The Man of the World for his subject. It affords abundant opportunity for dramatic contrast; but we cannot say that the painter has availed himself of it. The Angel and The Man of the World are alike merely careful studies of models. The latter is too obviously a man of to-day. This is bad enough, and sufficiently out of keeping with the spirit of the allegory; but it is a trifle compared with the mistake of putting an ordinary female model, with bare shoulders, breast, and arms, to do duty for the angel who holds the golden crown over the wretch grubbing in the mud. The brush-work of the canvas is large and firm enough to emphasize the weakness of the conception. Mr. Lockhart to a great extent retrieves the feebleness of his "Cardinal Beaton" by the vigour and humour of his "Alnaschar's Fortune" (535). The picture might well be smaller, and its scheme of colour would be pleasanter if the crockery with which the barber's fifth brother meant to do such great things were less slimy, but the figure of the hero and the sarcastic old tailor who sits behind him are firmly drawn. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Last of the Crew" (498) may be most appropriately put among pictures of this class. We do not know whether he has been inspired by any particular tale of Arctic exploration—most probably not—but it suggests reminiscences of many. An old seaman wrapped in furs stands looking hopelessly over the wilderness of ice—one of his dogs is rubbing its head against his leg, others are hunting for food. The picture is far from pleasant. It brings to mind innumerable stories of deaths from starvation and cold; but it is certainly as powerful a piece of work as Mr. Briton Rivière has ever done.

THE DERBY.

THE splendid finish for the Two Thousand promised an unusually interesting Derby, and there was much difference of opinion as to whether the positions of the three leading horses in the former race would be reversed or repeated in the latter. Shortly after the Two Thousand some one testified his belief in the power of The Prince to beat both his conquerors at Newmarket by purchasing him at the price of 10,000*l.* Few two-year-olds were more admired last season than The Prince, and when he ran for the Two Thousand he was much liked, although scarcely fit; but no horse completely satisfies everybody, and there were unkind people who called The Prince "peacocky." Breeders on a small scale ought to take courage from the fact that the breeder of The Prince kept only two mares on a stud farm of about four acres in extent. From one of these mares he bred The Prince, Exeter, and Seobell, and from the other Robert the Devil, the winner of the St. Leger. Both mares were at one time considered worthless.

Galliard's performance in the Two Thousand spoke for itself. It was true that Goldfield had only been a neck behind him, but it was thought that of the pair Goldfield was rather the fittest, so that there might be hopes of Galliard beating him more easily by the Derby day. The Prince was considered even less trained than Galliard when he ran in the Two Thousand, so his chance for the Derby was thought to be about equal to that of Galliard, as he appeared the most capable of improvement during the weeks that would elapse between the Two Thousand and the Derby. The

consequence was that during the greater part of the interval between the two races, Galliard and The Prince were equal favourites, while Goldfield was a little below them in the betting. Still, Goldfield had many friends, and he was backed at short odds. All three horses, however, were supposed to be in considerable danger from an opponent that had not run in public since last season. This was Lord Hastings's Beau Brummel, a bay colt by George Frederick, out of a mare by Lord Clifden. He is a remarkably good-looking horse, with a fine frame and splendid action. Still, fault-finders had their word to say about him. In their opinion his fore-feet were too small, and his pasterns were not strong enough. His performances were excellent. As a two-year-old he had beaten the famous Macheath himself, at a difference of only 3 lbs., by a neck, and on another occasion he had beaten Hauteur, the winner of the One Thousand, by three-quarters of a length. In the Rous Memorial Stakes, at even weights, Macheath had beaten him by half a length, but it seemed fair to argue that he might have been within a couple of pounds of Macheath last year. If Macheath had not been disqualified for the Derby, he would unquestionably have been first favourite—in fact he had been first favourite until the death of his nominator—so there seemed to be good reason for the confidence placed in Beau Brummel.

Another horse whose name appeared among the favourites was Ladislus. Although rather flat-sided, and plain about his loins and quarters, he has grand shoulders and good limbs. He is by the very promising young sire, Hampton; his dam, Lady Superior, was by Caterer, and his grand-dam by The Flying Dutchman, so he has plenty of good blood in his veins. Although he had won some eighteen hundred pounds' worth of stakes last season, his performances had not been very brilliant. In each of the two races that he won he had been receiving weight from his nearest opponent. He had run third twice, and he had been unplaced for the Middle Park Plate. He certainly had beaten Goldfield by two lengths in the Dewhurst Plate at an advantage of 4 lbs.; but the relative running of the two colts with Rookery seemed to throw some doubt upon the truth of that performance. The racing public expected to learn a good deal about the horse in the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, when he was to run in the Payne Stakes. Although he was to give 10 lbs. to Splendor, he was made first favourite at less than 2 to 1, while 4 to 1 was laid against Splendor. Eleven horses took part in the race, but from the Dip the two favourites fought out the race between them, while Ossian followed immediately in their rear. Splendor won by three-quarters of a length, and Ladislus was half a length in front of Ossian. The question that had then to be considered was, whether at a disadvantage of 10 lbs. this was a good or a bad performance on the part of Ladislus. It was possible that Splendor himself might be a great horse. He had a good deal of power, although perhaps a little unequally distributed, but he was certainly a remarkably fine colt. He had been galloped with Beau Brummel, so that his race in the Payne Stakes promised to give considerable enlightenment to the trainer of the pair, at any rate as regarded Ladislus and Beau Brummel. As the same trainer had charge of Galliard, he had unusual opportunities of knowing something about the probabilities of the Derby. But in Matthew Dawson's stable no liberties are taken, and few trainers are as much trusted by the public. In our notice of the Two Thousand we remarked that certain critics had taken exception to a coarseness on Galliard's hocks. Some time before the Derby, Matthew Dawson is reported to have told these gentlemen with great candour that the enlargement was not caused by any tendency to curb, but by kicking in the stable. St. Blaise had shown fair form as a two-year-old, but he had been only fourth in the Two Thousand. It was reported that he had won a good trial shortly before the Derby. Highland Chief had been one of the best two-year-olds of last season, but this year he had run badly in the Two Thousand, and his chance was little fancied. The official handicapper's estimate of the principal horses engaged in the Derby was as follows:—First came Beau Brummel, Ladislus, and Galliard at even weights, and then, 1 lb. below them, Goldfield. Another pound lower came The Prince, and only 1 lb. beneath him, Splendor. At an interval of 4 lbs. was St. Blaise, and 1 lb. below him, again, came Highland Chief. It may be worth noticing that the disqualified Macheath was handicapped 2 lbs. above any other three-year-old of the season.

A Derby would be incomplete without a mystery. This time the mystery concerned Beau Brummel, and it was rendered doubly mysterious by the fact that no attempt was made by those concerned in the matter to conceal anything. A few days before the Derby it was reported that the horse was slightly lame, and for one day he took nothing but quiet walking exercise. Then it was said that he had taken a gallop again. But he did not arrive at Epsom with the rest of the horses from his stable, and when he did come, a day later, he was brought in a van. Up to the hour of the start he never regained his position in the betting, and the winner of the Two Thousand remained the first favourite. Only eleven horses—the smallest field that has started for the Derby for sixty years—went to the post, and they were sent away on their journey without any delay. Bon Jour made the running as far as the bottom of the hill. As they approached the straight, Ladislus took a slight lead, but when they were fairly in it he was beaten. Then Galliard, Goldfield, and St. Blaise came forward, closely followed by Highland Chief. The real battle had now begun in earnest. Beau Brummel was near the four leading horses, but not close enough to have much hope of winning. The first to give way among the four leaders

was Goldfield, who was beaten at the bell. Meanwhile there was a grand struggle going on between St. Blaise, Galliard, and Highland Chief. Archer has so often snatched races out of the fire at the last moment that, although Galliard looked beaten, his backers still felt hopeful; but he was not destined to make his famous dash and win by a head this time. At the finish the battle lay between Highland Chief and St. Blaise, who was a neck in advance at the winning-post, in spite of a splendid rush on the part of Highland Chief. Galliard was only half a length behind Highland Chief; Goldfield was fourth, and Beau Brummel was fifth. St. Blaise is a chestnut, with a good deal of white. He is by Hermit, who was also the sire of Shotover, the winner of the Derby of last year. As far as public form is concerned, the Derby can scarcely be called a satisfactory race. St. Blaise had been quite a length behind the three leading horses in the Two Thousand, and Highland Chief had given way to others in that race as soon as the real struggle began; but in the Derby these two horses succeeded in beating the first, the second, and the third in the Two Thousand. As we have already pointed out, the public form of the first and second in the Derby had been handicapped as respectively 7 lbs. and 8 lbs. below that of the horse that ran third. It is, however, but fair to say that Highland Chief's form last year in the Middle Park Plate, when he ran within half a length of Macheath, at an advantage of 3 lbs. only, was exceedingly good. The great lesson that the late Derby teaches us is the value of condition, for a slight improvement in two of the horses that were beaten in the Two Thousand has proved sufficient to reverse the form shown in that race. Wood rode St. Blaise, and Sir Frederick Johnstone owns the horse. This was a first Derby victory for both owner and jockey.

We are almost tired of pointing out the importance of some change in the law about nominations for the great three-year-old races. This year two leading favourites for the Derby were disqualified by the deaths of their nominators. The loss caused by the disqualification of a good Derby horse through the death of his nominator is very heavy to those who inherit him. A sound and good-looking leading favourite for the Derby, who has stood his preparation up to the end of April, is worth from seven to ten thousand pounds; but if his nomination is rendered void, his value is at once reduced by about two-thirds. Sixty or seventy per cent. is a heavy legacy duty to pay on horseflesh. When the nominator is not the owner, the case is still harder, for then a man in perfect health may be prevented from winning the Derby, when it seems to be almost within his grasp, by the death of a man whom he may never have spoken to or even seen in his life. It has been urged in favour of the present law that it prevents many opportunities of fraud, but it is certain that dishonesty might be prevented by other means. As to the difficulty of getting the forfeits paid unless one man is responsible for them, we can only reply that for such an important race as the Derby three names might easily be put to each nomination if necessary, or the forfeits might even be paid in advance.

The French Derby was run last Sunday at Chantilly. There was a field of eighteen horses, and the stakes were worth 4,707*l*. The first favourite was the Duke de Castries's chestnut colt Frontin, by George Frederick, who won the English Derby in 1874. Archer had come over on purpose to ride him. The second favourite was Count Lagrange's Farfadet. Among the other starters was Regain, the winner of the French Two Thousand. A weary hour was passed in false starts; but when the horses at last got off, the running was made at a tremendous pace. A quarter of a mile from home the race appeared to be confined to Frontin, Farfadet, and Regain. The latter was soon beaten when the final struggle began, and then the two favourites ran in neck and neck. Just at the last Frontin seemed to swerve against Farfadet, and as they passed the post, Frontin was a neck in advance. Immediately after the race, Dodge, who had ridden Farfadet, objected to the stakes being awarded to Frontin, on the ground that Archer had ridden "foul" of his opponent; but when the objection was laid before the Stewards, it was dismissed as frivolous. Both the English and the French Derbies have been magnificent races this year, and each was won by exactly the same distance—a neck.

The popularity of the Derby is very practically proved by the value of the shares of the Epsom Grand Stand Association. A few weeks ago nearly twenty thousand pounds' worth of this stock was sold by auction at Tokenhouse Yard. Four thousand and forty pounds' worth of original shares realized 15,832*l*. The last annual dividend on the original stock was at the rate of 40 per cent., and, even at the price at which the shares were sold the other day, the rate of interest was about 10 per cent., to say nothing of the stock being sold with the dividend, which will be due next month. The philanthropists who get up race-meetings evidently consider themselves worthy of their hire, and "grand stand property" must be a very profitable description of what stockbrokers call "Miscellaneous." We can understand the exalted position of Epsom Grand Stand shares, for, while railways may be depressed, and foreign stocks may be "beared," while shirtings may be dull and woollens stagnant, there is never any danger of a slack day on the Wednesday of the Epsom Summer Meeting.

REVIEWS.

THE STUDENT'S GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA.*

THE house with its Oriental name near Edinburgh from which the author of this manual dates his preface will remind some Anglo-Indian readers that about twelve years ago he used to make weekly contributions to political discussion from the real and original Serampore. We understand that Dr. Smith conceived the idea of his present work when he was editor of the *Friend of India*. The history of Anglo-Indian journalism has generally been the history of Her Majesty's Opposition, independence, and adverse criticism of the ruling powers. There was hardly ever such a paper as a Government organ. For many years however *The Friend of India*, under three successive editors—though it could take its own line on questions of indigo, rent, and the Black Acts—was a sort of mentor, philosopher, and guide to officials. It was never coarse or vituperative. It could afford to look at vexed and inflammatory topics from the Government point of view, while it headed reformers arrayed against grave social and administrative abuses. To parody a well-known couplet of Pope, it might at one time have been fairly said of the paper published at Serampore, thirteen miles from Calcutta,

To India only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.

It is not the purpose of this notice to inquire why the said journal has altered its type, scope, and management; but Dr. Smith while in India turned his attention to a manual of geography which should be something more than a mere aggregate of loose and sprawling statistics; and he has now given us "the result of twenty years of preparation." We can believe that he has found it difficult to avoid undue literary expansion and ornament. The plan of the work strikes us as excellent. The first chapter treats of British India as a whole; the rise, progress, and growth of the Empire and its executive framework and administration. It is very concise, and is followed by another of some thirty pages on the physical aspect of the whole peninsula. Then come all the Provinces or Governments in succession, and the tributary native States. A separate chapter is given to Ceylon and the independent or external States connected with India by some geographical or political tie. A treatise, almost alarming in its erudition, on physiography closes the book, and there are maps and diagrams showing the divisions of provinces, the averages of heat and rainfall, with a long list of the authorities consulted, and a very fair index. A little touch of colour would have given distinctiveness to the twelve maps of the various Governments, for it is hard for even a practised eye to distinguish between Central States and Central Provinces, or to do more than guess at the size and area of Oudh. However, against this omission must be set off the care and attention given to proper names. Where no two learned authorities can agree as to the principles or at any rate the details of transliteration, the ordinary student is harassed and bewildered. Dr. Smith has rather taken a line of his own which may offend Dr. Hunter and defy the official Gazette; but the result is more likely to ensure accurate pronunciation. It avoids the extremes of looseness and of pedantry alike, and we have rarely met with a book so crammed with Oriental names in which the printer has made so few slips. It is really creditable that more than 5,000 places should be printed without ridiculous and tiresome mistakes. The author hopes that he may have produced a guide-book for the traveller as well as a manual for the student. For compactness, arrangement, and type, the work will be useful in the study, on the deck of a P. and O. steamer, in the Dawk carriage, the railway, and the palanquin. The transition from one district to another is uniformly marked by capital letters, and the principal towns in districts are so printed as to catch the eye at once. By a mere slip, the date of the Battle of Buxar, which Macaulay suggested as a test of the Indian knowledge of "English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds," is given as 1714 instead of 1764; but a critic would abuse his privilege and forget his duty if he went through a volume of this sort merely to pick holes because a date has been wrongly given, or some town has been spelt with an *e* instead of an *i*, or ends in *poor*, and not *pur* or *poore*.

It may be more difficult to decide whether Dr. Smith has said too little or too much on politics. Every now and then he condenses the result of a war, or a negotiation, or an inquiry about tenures, into half a dozen lines just sufficient to stimulate without satisfying curiosity. Now and then he records a popular belief without its corrective or explanation. At one time he seems just ready to resume the editorial pen, and it is not very difficult to discover that he has strong political opinions, though he avoids partisanship or bias. But the general reader who is not on the look-out for causes of offence will here find an immense amount of useful information, thoroughly well sifted and methodically arranged. The author has sat down with the intention of teaching his countrymen something about the magnitude and worth of our Indian possessions, and it will be their fault if, with these and other late valuable contributions, they stand idly by when a vast increment to our national renown and capital is being empirically treated or hartered for a mess of pottage.

Some of Dr. Smith's statements are conclusive, some necessarily

imperfect, and others suggestive. We can best do the work justice by giving examples of all three. Here is a paragraph which hits off very well that tract of India which the geographer calls the upper part of the Gangetic Valley or the Doab of Hindostan, but which a journalist or administrator would refer to as the Government of the North-West Provinces, with its headquarters at Allahabad:—

Inferior to Bengal in resources and trade, and not so much of a rabbit-warren as the Hooghly district of Bengal, the North-Western Province stands at the head of all as the great Aryan land of the early Hindoo Kingdoms and Capitals, and the Hindostan of the Mahomedans with their red stone cities and unsurpassed architecture. While Bengal and Burma are the rice, this province is the wheat, granary of Southern Asia, exporting chiefly to Calcutta, but more and more largely, by two trunk systems of railway, west to Bombay.

Such a sentence is quite enough to suggest to a student that he must read up the subject of Kanauj and its ancient prosperity, and know something of Akbar's tomb and Shah Jehan's magnificence, together with such economic questions as foreign competition and the supply of wheat. Another passage, too long for quotation, gives a lucid definition of the three great classes of land tenures in the Upper Provinces. Of course it is not the whole truth, but it is the truth as far as space permitted. Let us now take an outlying province. We learn that Burma is an alluvial country, a sort of second Bengal, producing rice, tobacco, petroleum, and teak. Its main sources of wealth are the forests and the rice crop. Its exports are worth nearly nine millions and a half, and its imports are little short of three millions. It ought to be growing rich. Besides feeding its own population with the staple crop, it can afford to export little short of one million tons of rice. But, as the author says pithily, "men are wanted." Out of 87,000 square miles, only 5,600 are cultivated; and the Burman, with unlimited land to choose from, works carelessly, has plenty to eat, and spends a good deal of his time in courting, boat-racing, and football. We are told that, if the rest of the Indian Empire resembled Burma in its contributions to the Imperial Exchequer, the Viceroy would have 135 millions instead of 50 to spend. But the Chief Commissioner of British Burma is never troubled with "rabbit-warrens"; in other words, with a community of five hundred to the square mile.

It is never very easy to get correct accounts of the revenue and expenditure of native States. Baroda is an exception. The young Gaikwar has recently succeeded to his principality, carefully administered during his minority by Sir T. Madhava Rao. The revenues are now nearly one million and a half, and the expenditure is within the income by some ten or twelve lacks of rupees. Baroda has no debt and a State railway, and the Minister has invested more than one year's revenue in British securities. The army costs more than 300,000*l.* a year, and a very considerable sum appears as religious and charitable allowances, which mean pensions to Brahmins and the support of temples. But then, at Baroda, no advocates of "freedom of thought" discuss the propriety of severing the connexion between temples and the State. The above is suggestive, and might be the core of many a lengthy minute, petition, or editorial. Equally suggestive and controversial is the allegation that in rack-renting native States the peasant is "apt to sink into the condition of a predial serf, rather held to than holding by the land." This follows on a brief notice of the Bhoomias of Rajputana, from *Bhoom*, the land which such men possess by a sort of freehold tenure. They pay rent by custom and not by contract, and engage to perform certain services, keeping communications clear, aiding the police, and attending on the chief at particular seasons. Some of these Bhoomias are justly proud of holding their lands from time immemorial.

Rapid transitions in such a work must be looked for; but they are not the less startling and, without intending it, sensational. Muttra, or Mathura, was a centre of Buddhism, and was harried by Mahmud of Ghazni. Here we get at once from tradition to ancient history, and then we come, by a rapid descent in the next two lines, to 1857, and are informed that, though it revolted like Agra at that critical period, it was cleared by Colonel Cotton's column. So, again, at Sardhana, thirteen miles from Meerut, we are reminded, of the celebrated Begum Sumroo and the infamous Reinhardt, who figured prominently in the Patna massacre of 1763, and of the litigation in the Dyce Sombre case, terminated by the House of Lords only a few years back. The following facts may be new to Anglo-Indian students. Ayodhya, the old capital of Oudh, is close to the modern station of Faizabad, on the Gogra River, and is much frequented by pilgrims at the great fair of Ramnami—it should be Ram Nabami, or the ninth day of a certain lunar fortnight. The author gives prominence to the fact, for which he must have good evidence, that a great impulse was afforded to the popular worship of the famous hero more than a century and a half ago by the bigotry of Aurangzib, by the success of the Mahrattas, and by the translation of the Ramayana poem into the vernacular Hindi and other dialects. These revivals are the source of much perplexity to the English ruler, not from any want of toleration, but from administrative considerations. Such great *melas* or religious assemblages are never focuses of intrigue or conspiracy; but they generate cholera and spread it over a vast area. At Hardwar, where the Ganges debouches through the Sivvalic range into the plains, the presence of three-quarters of a million of weary, unwashed, and debilitated pilgrims calls for extra police and expenditure, and may, in spite of all precaution, send disease over half the Upper Provinces. Dr. Smith endorses the opinion of the late Lord Clyde that Alexander crossed the Jhelum and defeated

* *The Geography of British India, Political and Physical.* By George Smith, LL.D., F.R.G.S., C.I.E. &c., Author of the "Life of Dr. Wilson," "Dr. Duff," &c. With Maps. London: John Murray. 1883.

Porus close to the battlefield of Chillianwala. Condensation of languages in this volume is not without its perils. Generally skill is evinced, but the following sentence has an odd sound:—"The Zarghoon mountain," we are told, "is the highest in South Afghanistan, to be pictured only by some of Gustave Doré's illustrations to the *Inferno*, according to the Survey Report." The survey, of course, refers to the altitude of the range, and the reference to the great artist recently deceased has nothing to do with trigonometry. Curious anecdotes and fragments of history turn up unexpectedly. Some hunter of relics, a lady, has sacrilegiously carried off two toes of St. Xavier at Goa. The Pakhal lake in the Nizam's dominions, to the east of Hyderabad, is said to be the work of a Hindu dynasty, and to be the largest piece of water in India. In the Bengal Presidency swamps, expanded or contracted according to the seasons, take the place of lakes, except when the latter are formed by old beds of rivers of an oblong character. But the Bhandara district in the Central Provinces has an equal or greater storage of water, in jheels and tanks numbered by thousands, though no one of them singly may equal the dimensions of the Pakhal.

The mention of the tax leviable on pilgrims to Jagannath, formerly a frequent theme of indictment against the Company at Exeter Hall, may not be without a different moral now. Up to 1840 this tax was collected by the officers of Government; and it was then made over to the Raja of Khoordah, in order to avoid any appearance of British connexion with idolatry. The Raja in 1878 was deported or banished for the crime of murder, but we do not single this out as anything very extraordinary in a country where despots act on the maxim attributed to Napoleon I. by Mme. de Rémusat—"Écartez tout ce qui me gêne." The Irish have lately given us a literal equivalent in the phrase "removal." But Dr. Smith goes on to say that the management of the temple and the sacred revenues has been made over to the Ranees; that the place is neglected; and that the utter collapse of the whole system is feared by the Hindu press. Now here is a fact which legislators will do well to remember. At Jagannath, caste for a time ceases. Every Hindu from the highest Brahman to the lowest Sudra can partake of the sacred rice at the festival of the Great Lord of the World. Hindoos come to Poori from all parts of the Empire, and the whole community of the Empire, as well as the inhabitants of the province, have a direct, practical, personal interest in the good management of this celebrated temple. British guidance once withdrawn, we hear of nothing but peculation, waste, neglect, and failure. With this warning, how, we ask, can legislators placidly look forward to self-government by endless circles and Unions of villagers who can have no one common bond, secular or religious, to keep them together, except the hope of plunder? We might go on to select many other sentences to whet curiosity, serve as texts, or act as warnings. For instance, we should like to hear what the best Anglo-Indian physicians would say to an idea that the semi-aboriginal tribes of the Rohilcand Terai ascribe their immunity from deadly malarious disease to their eating deer and wild pigs. The explanation is, we allow, one given by the tribes themselves, and they certainly do manage to exist and thrive where Englishmen and ordinary natives would die of fever and ague in a week. Dr. Smith, never backward in pointing out the claims of enterprise and commerce to consideration, has some remarks about the quality of Indian coal, which capitalists and speculators should consider. We have more than once pointed out that much of that mineral in India is wanting in carbon and heat. But our chief object is to show the value of this book as one of reference. We trust that no candidate for honours or the Indian Civil Service will attempt to get up his history out of this work. Nothing, we are sure, can be further from the author's intention than to minister to the disease of cramming; or, to take an illustration from this very work, to the procession of the car of Jagannath beneath which so many weak and competing pilgrims are crushed to the earth. The work will be advantageous to the beginner who uses it rightly, and who will learn from it where to begin and what authors to study. To the practised writer, journalist, and statistician it will save much time and trouble in getting at figures. And all Englishmen who wish to take in at one glance the proportion which India alone bears to some half-dozen European kingdoms put together ought to look at the two maps on the very first page of the book. They will explain better than a whole column of letterpress the purpose of the author in giving so much time and trouble to its composition.

GALTON'S INQUIRIES INTO HUMAN FACULTY.*

MR. GALTON'S new book was originally, as he says, a series of papers and essays. He has revised, condensed, re-written, and transposed them; but they remain fragmentary, as he confesses, and they are very entertaining reading. The least philosophic person may take up this book, and it is certain that he will find himself instructed and amused. We are all a good deal interested in ourselves, and most persons will discover in Mr. Galton's volume something that appeals closely to themselves. In every man, however commonplace he may seem, there are odd nooks and corners of character and endowment. These neglected attics and cellars of human nature Mr. Galton has explored. His

life, as it is described in these pages, must be full of original diversion. He walks about the Zoological Gardens and even the streets (at least of foreign towns), like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, with a whistle of his own invention. The shrill notes of this whistle (not blown by the mouth) are audible by cats and small dogs, but big dogs do not seem to mind it, even in Berne, where big dogs, it seems, are unusually abundant. Perhaps it is safer to let big sleeping dogs lie. In Pall Mall even Mr. Galton finds matter for the philosophic mind, and traces the genesis, development, and connexion of ideas by aid of the shop-windows, the passing cabs, and other common objects of the district. At other times Mr. Galton receives the subjective confessions of eminent men of science to whose minds numbers present themselves in a visible form and in graceful curves. Or, again, he is studying the gregarious instincts of oxen, or the art of the Bushmen, or the zoological gardens of savage tribes, or the physical and intellectual characteristics of twins, or the features and expressions of the criminal classes, or the objective efficacy of prayer, or the effects of permitting fellows of colleges to marry on the future of the human race. Mr. Galton's book is a modern application of the ancient fable about "Eyes and No Eyes." It proves that life need never be tedious to an observing person. We are not like dogs and birds, which would decline into horrible ennui when not fighting, feeding, or making love, were it not for fleas. These active little creatures (whose use has been denied by hasty theorists) have the province of keeping dogs from feeling time lie heavily on their hands. Too clean and well-cared for dogs often do look vastly bored for want of the unalloyed amusement of their race in a state of nature. Savages are like dogs in this respect; but civilized men need not let themselves be bored like domesticated dogs. They can observe the working of their own minds, of animals' minds, and of their neighbours' minds, and so can find amusement and instruction everywhere.

Mr. Galton thus describes his aim, and the intention of his new book:—

My general object has been to take note of the varied hereditary faculties of different men, and of the great differences in different families and races, to learn how far history may have shown the practicability of supplanting inefficient human stock by better strains, and to consider whether it might not be our duty to do so by such efforts as may be reasonable, thus exerting ourselves to further the ends of evolution more rapidly and with less distress than if events were left to their own course.

Though this is the author's general aim, his book is more interesting in curious detail than valuable for any advice as to the conscious modification of the human race. There is, as an earlier thinker has remarked, a great deal of human nature in man. That human nature consistently exhibits itself in a strong dislike to being done good to, especially in matters connected with the affections. Many persons have refused to marry agreeable girls selected by their parents and guardians (how else could novelists exist?), and the same self-will must constantly interfere with all attempts to regulate the breeding of the human family. "The life is wholly impossible," Aristotle said about Plato's great human stud-farm, and Aristotle was a very sensible man. Mr. Galton thinks, or rather has no doubt, "that the number of Englishmen naturally endowed with high scholastic faculties will be sensibly increased in future generations by the repeal of these ancient statutes" which forbid the marriage of college Fellows. We confess that the prospect seems less smiling to ourselves. College Fellows of any real power and energy leave college,

Wander from the studious walls
To learn strange arts,

and become barristers, or politicians, or what not. Only the feeble or less ambitious folk remain and rust in tutorships. Nor is it an agreeable prospect that the system of married fellowships may well lead to nepotism, and that college offices may tend to become hereditary. Thus we do not expect the offspring of wedded bursars and lecturers to develop into Porsons and Bentleys. But these things lie on the knees of the gods. Mr. Galton wishes men consciously to "further the course of evolution." But even in such a matter as the voluntary celibacy of persons whose issue "would probably be less fitted than the generality to play their part as citizens," we expect little from our short-sighted race. There is too much human nature in men and women. The popular mind may come to learn all about evolution, but the popular conduct will be no more influenced in the future by science than it has been in the past by religion. Every day men do and have done things for which they say they believe they will suffer in a future life. If this apprehension does not restrain them, still less will they be restrained by fears about what may happen in this life to their great-grandchildren. Mr. Galton thus states what he believes to be "the religious significance of the doctrine of evolution":—

It suggests an alteration in our mental attitude, and imposes a new moral duty. The new mental attitude is one of a greater sense of moral freedom, responsibility, and opportunity; the new duty which is supposed to be exercised concurrently with, and not in opposition to the old ones upon which the social fabric depends, is an endeavour to further evolution, especially that of the human race.

Unluckily the new duty requires much more self-denial than the old, and we can scarcely share the hopes which are natural, no doubt, to all believers in new doctrines and new discoveries.

We cannot discuss all the varied and interesting topics which

* *Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development.* By Francis Galton, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

Mr. Galton has treated, with very great originality, in his new book. He first discourses of the human features and expression, as investigated by the process (described and illustrated) of "composite photography." Among other curious matters he notes that we are still a fair race in England. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone said that, since he was a boy at school, he had noticed that fair-haired people were growing more and more scarce. In Mr. Galton's diagram, light brown and brown-haired persons make the majority, while there are comparatively few really dark. Yet, if any one will look round a crowded room, he will probably be persuaded that, if he had to class people as "fair" or "dark," he would find far more dark than fair. Out of a lecture-room in which two colleges were collected, we have noticed only three men who could really be called fair. Our impression is that the majority of English persons are neither precisely fair nor precisely dark, but have a decided tendency to the latter category. As to height, Mr. Galton thinks the educated and well-fed classes are growing taller. In 1840-44, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and stood nearly five feet ten, he found that he was decidedly taller than the majority of his contemporaries. Now the majority of the men in the chapel of Trinity are taller than Mr. Galton. There is certainly a very large proportion of tall men at the Universities, and one feels distinctly shorter in "the High" than in Piccadilly. As to sensitiveness Mr. Galton finds that idiots have very little. Two of them suffered a most painful operation, without showing more than a rather distracted interest in what was going on. Another took some pleasure in burning himself, but "idiot-like he overdid it." These violent delights have violent ends. Men have more delicate discrimination than women, and they make tea better (when they make it at all) and are better judges of wine. But they have much more practice. It is a curious and interesting fact that Quakers are more colour-blind than any other class of the community. Quakers have always thought art a snare, and have worn drab and "sub-fusc" raiment. Observe the awful consequences—a Quaker cannot tell red from green or blue, and is worse than useless as a railway signal-man. Probably the early Quakers began by being colour-blind (which would naturally incline them to be bored with the fine arts), and they have increased the tendency by their endogamous customs. Mr. Galton, like Francis I., regards the fair sex as "coy and capricious," and this character he attributes, in the long run, to sexual selection. But we have always observed that young ladies make up their minds at least as rapidly, and cling to the object of their choice at least as pertinaciously, as young men. In novels which reflect life they now commonly take the initiative in the affairs of love and marriage. Perhaps they have become more definite, as men have grown taller, since Mr. Galton was an undergraduate. It remains true, however, and long may it be so, that woman has "less straightforwardness" than man. If woman were as straightforward as man, society would become unendurable, and life would be bereaved of its most agreeable elements.

So varied is Mr. Galton's matter that the reviewer pants after him in vain. Mr. Galton gives only a page or so to a most interesting topic. He has "noticed a very curious fact as regards the way in which different persons and races regard snakes." This sentence might be improved, but it seems that few of us inherit (like Mr. Galton and the present writer) the horror which snakes inspire in monkeys. Shelley liked snakes, and was called "the snake" by partial friends. In most religions the snake is a totem or a god of a benevolent character. A big snake was fed on cakes in the Acropolis. Snakes were on the best terms with Dryope and other nymphs. The soul of Anchises appeared to Æneas in the shape of a snake, and at the moment of the death of Plotinus, a big snake slipped from under the bed and vanished. Perhaps more people have a horror of cats than of snakes; people (that is) who are not Scotch, for the Scotch so abhor snakes that they never eat eels. The horror of blood which some animals show is also very remarkable, and Mr. Galton gives (p. 60) some most extraordinary examples. But the most singular and generally interesting part of his book, on visionaries and "visualizing," we must leave untouched. It has already attracted a great deal of attention when published in a periodical form, and the appearance of the facts in a solid volume is likely to win much reputation for Mr. Galton. We do not observe that he quotes De Quincey's account of his own childish visions before his days of opium. We had imagined that the story was only fanciful. But we once received accounts of phenomena as remarkable, and almost precisely similar, from a boy of eight, who almost certainly had never read De Quincey. Though we doubt whether Mr. Galton's book has much direct bearing on human progress (a doubt which, perhaps, is part of a general habit of not expecting much), it is certain that the volume is most curious, and will recommend itself to almost every one whose reading ever travels outside the range of novels. Every page has its unnoted fact or its ingenious inference. Though concerned with scientific topics, and though remote as the poles in style from the conversational Science made Easy of the period, "Human Faculty" may almost be called a holiday book, or a "bedside book." One can take it up anywhere, and in almost any mood, and find agreeable reading and stuff that suggests thought and stimulates fancy.

RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE.*

THE recollections of an octogenarian who has spent his life among men, and who has been actively and variously employed in journals and literature, cannot fail to present many points of interest. Mr. S. C. Hall has already given to the public some of his memories, and the present volumes are rather like a gathering up of scraps and remnants than a substantial and well-ordered continuous meal. There is little or no attempt at regular arrangement; but a certain amount of division of subject-matter and a sufficiently good index seem to supply the defects of construction for all necessary purposes of use and reference.

Belonging to a Devonshire family, Mr. S. C. Hall was born in Waterford in 1800, where his father was quartered with his regiment—a corps of Fencibles raised by himself in his own county and in Cornwall, and then doing duty in Ireland. This early appearance in the world does not enable Mr. S. C. Hall to go back quite so far as to give a contemporary observer's account of the way in which fire was procured by friction among the tribes of prehistoric man, but it entitles him minutely to describe the ancient tinder-box as a recollection of his youth. It is to be hoped that the present Viscount Sherbrooke's motto—*Ex luce lucellum*—by him intended for the label on the lucifer match-boxes of modern days, which he so unsuccessfully attempted to tax, may be found applicable to the results of Mr. S. C. Hall's latest book. Other reminiscences follow of a similar nature—the old link-boys who belonged to the age when oil-lamps glimmered and made darkness visible in London streets; the introduction of gas, itself now threatened by a more powerful source of light; the old Charlies and Bow Street runners, long since superseded by Sir Robert Peel's police and the detectives of our own day. There are anecdotes, too, of mails and stage-coaches, with all their discomforts and inconveniences. He can tell of a London from which the neighbouring country was still easily accessible, of pannels of the old hackney coach before the days of the omnibus and of the cab, of sea passages before the age of steam, when forty-two days were spent in waiting for a wind, and in the actual crossing, in a sailing packet from Bristol to Cork.

In 1823 Mr. S. C. Hall became a Parliamentary reporter—a profession in which so many men afterwards more or less distinguished in literature have begun their use of the pen. His seat was in the old House of Commons destroyed in the fire of 1834, where the reporters were then exceedingly badly placed at the back of the Strangers' Gallery, and had none of the existing conveniences for transcribing their notes, with dining and smoking-rooms of their own, and the telegraph and the telephone which so much abridge their labours, and assist to diffuse the intelligence collected by them. Jews in Parliament, Cruelty to Animals, and Prizefights are the headings of the long paragraphs which succeed an account of what contested elections used to be like in the good old times before the reduction of the qualification and vote by ballot had completely abolished all abuses, all bribery, and all intimidation and dictation, as enlightened observers who see everything going as they wish to see it go now are proud to assert has been done. Of duelling, especially in Ireland, there are some interesting anecdotes. There is little room for regret that the custom is at an end; it is only difficult to believe how long it lasted, together with the stupid and barbarous law of imprisonment for debt, which forms the matter of the two or three next pages. Vauxhall, swearing, turnpike gates, and funerals are miscellaneous subjects which each call forth appropriate remarks. Drunkenness at first receives only a passing notice, but serious attention is afterwards called to the useful labours of Father Mathew, and to Mr. S. C. Hall's own exertions in endeavouring to diminish this conspicuous curse of humanity. Other social topics are also briefly touched upon, and with the general result that no one need regret that his lot is cast to "flourish," as Lemprière's Dictionary is accustomed to say, in the year 1883, and not fifty or sixty years ago, when so many things did flourish, from the tinder-box to the pillory, which happily have now long ceased to make life shameful or miserable.

The literary recollections begin with Ugo Foscolo, for whom Mr. S. C. Hall at one time acted as a kind of secretary; but nothing new is added to what was already known of him. The next names mentioned are those of Sir Robert Wilson and Lavalette, whose escape from Paris in 1816 was assisted by Wilson and two other well-known Englishmen. There are anecdotes of Maginn, with much moralizing on his faults and infirmities. For a short time Mr. S. C. Hall was sub-editor of *John Bull*, under Theodore Hook, and he claims to have diminished the circulation of the paper by excluding its objectionable matter so far as lay in his power, the sparkle and almost all the wit having disappeared along with its venom. In 1825 Mr. S. C. Hall was on the staff of the *Representative*, a paper of much promise, but scant performance. During the imprisonment for libel of the editor of the *Morning Journal*, Mr. S. C. Hall edited that paper, which he also claims credit for having assisted in bringing to an end by his refusals to insert libellous matter; and after its decease he became sub-editor of the *Monthly Magazine* under Thomas Campbell. Unquestionably the character of the English periodical press stands far higher now than it did in those days of constant scandalous attacks upon private character and of habitual *chantage* and hush-money.

* *Retrospect of a Long Life, from 1815 to 1883.* By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. 2 vols. Bentley & Son. 1883.

The recollections of the Houses of Parliament begin with the Duke of Wellington; but of him Mr. S. C. Hall knows no more than any one else who has seen him in the House of Lords or in the street. The mention of Castlereagh is less hackneyed, but Mr. S. C. Hall only heard him speak once. *A propos* of his accompanying George IV. on his visit to Ireland, it is mentioned that a "cenotaph" marks the spot of the King's landing. Why a "cenotaph"? It may be supposed to mean an empty tomb of departed loyalty. But, as in another place the grave of Bulwer in Westminster Abbey is called a "mausoleum," it must be doubted whether Mr. S. C. Hall is well up in the names of mortuary structures. Of Canning he saw more—that is, from the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons—and witnessed the scene between him and Brougham which might have led, but did not lead, to a duel. Lord Eldon was seen lying in state after death, as well as during his life in his place in the House of Lords; but the pages devoted to him are chiefly compiled from Lord Campbell and other obvious sources. The same may be said of the account of Sir Robert Peel. Guizot's five words, quoted in a note, "He was dignified without elegance," are worth more than all the five pages he occupies in Mr. S. C. Hall's book. Lyndhurst was once seen, upon the occasion of taking to him a copy of an engraving from Mr. S. C. Hall's periodical, the *Art Journal*. Of Brougham and of Palmerston, and of Wilberforce too, there is nothing that really deserves the name of personal reminiscence. Lord Melbourne's name is introduced, but there does not seem to have existed the slightest acquaintance with him; and with Sidney Herbert Mr. S. C. Hall was only associated as one of the honorary secretaries to the "Nightingale Fund," to which Mr. S. C. Hall was successful in procuring large subscriptions. Other political names and images pass like slides in a magic-lantern, with a few descriptive words from the showman. Macaulay was seen two or three times by Mr. S. C. Hall, whom he consulted as to the localities of the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Derry, with which Mr. S. C. Hall was known to be familiar. It is not surprising to discover that he was found to be a man of rare intelligence, deep research, &c. &c.

Some ships must be expected, and may be easily pardoned in a book put together so much at random as this one of Mr. S. C. Hall's. It is said that Scarlett became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, whereas in fact he was Chief Baron of the Exchequer; but it is very strange that the well-known name of Richard Lalor Sheil should always be wrongly spelt as *Shiel*, for with him Mr. S. C. Hall appears to have been really well acquainted. With the first Lord Lytton also he had much intercourse when acting as his sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1832; but what can be intended when it is said that his son, the present Earl Lytton, has held "the third highest place under the Crown"? Among all his distinctions he has never been Archbishop of York. It would have been in better keeping with the admiration expressed both for the father and the son if some of the former's writing relating to long-forgotten literary squabbles had not been now reprinted by his professed friend. It is hardly fair to reproduce it in order to show what sort of matter the righteous but unfortunate sub-editor was always striving to prevent his principals from putting into print.

The account of the "Annuals" which formed the favourite gift-books fifty or sixty years ago revives for the moment an almost forgotten class of literature—good of its kind, and illustrated by art of corresponding excellence. Of these Mr. S. C. Hall edited the *Amulet*, in whose concerns he unwittingly became a partner, and suffered severely on the bankruptcy of its publishers. Then there was *Friendship's Offering* and the *Literary Souvenir*, the *Winter's Wreath* and the *Keepsake*—once gay in dainty crimson silk bindings and gilt edges, but now faded away into the past and only to be seen in passages or the bedrooms of country houses, along with other genteel small literary lumber. But it is impossible to enumerate all the magazines and journals edited by Mr. S. C. Hall as it would be to name the many works written by himself and his accomplished wife. He says they exceed in number five hundred volumes. The *Art Journal*, commenced and long continued by Mr. S. C. Hall, was one of the most important of them—known, however, as the *Art Union* during the first ten years of its existence. Mr. S. C. Hall claims for it the merit of having directed the attention of buyers of pictures to the patronage of British art—it having been previously wholly occupied in the acquirement of Old Masters, or pictures which were sold as such. He takes credit for having discovered the secrets of the nefarious trade which supplied the British connoisseur with his coveted treasures, and some curious facts are given in connexion with the subject. From 1833 to 1838, inclusive, 45,642 pictures were imported from the Continent; and there was also a considerable home manufacture of Old Masters. The predilection for modern art which now exists has at least had the effect of directing the forgery and dexterous manipulation of canvases into another channel, and the majority of spurious pictures which now find their way into collections are imitations of modern art. Commercially, no doubt, the English painters have profited by the exertions of Mr. S. C. Hall, and he may be credited with having assisted in the advancement of art manufacture so called; but it cannot be forgotten that art manufacture is now often closely connected with the manufacture of art, and the general standard of taste cannot be commended which puts Gustave Doré at the head of ancient and modern painters, and especially mentions him as superior to his great countrywoman, Rosa Bonheur, while in another place the "Greek Slave" of Hiram Power is called the finest work of modern sculpture.

There are recollections of S. T. Coleridge, Talfourd, Godwin, and the poet Bowles, of whom two amusing anecdotes are given illustrative of his absence of mind. Crabbe, Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, and others flit across the stage. The remarks on Harriet Martineau are harsh and ill-natured; so are those upon Landor, although made unhappily with more justice; and a crowd of other names follow, about whom there are anecdotes more or less founded upon personal acquaintance with their owners. A couple of pages are given to Dickens, whose reputation indeed requires no support. But after he has been placed as the greatest successor in fiction to Scott, why need it be said that Scott did not do a tithe of what Dickens has done to quicken the social and moral progress of the age? This is about as absurd as it would be to put Edison above Faraday, and is not the sort of homage that would have been gratifying to Dickens himself. Of Jerdan there is mention, of course, and much is said with perfect truth, but which need not have been said of a man who is rapidly becoming forgotten. He, too, was a writer of memoirs, and, it seems, published in his old age four volumes of autobiography, of which Mr. S. C. Hall complains that it gives "but a shadowy idea of the many great men and women to whom it makes reference, and whom he had personally known." Perhaps some future reminiscence may hereafter be found making a similar observation on the volumes of the writer of the account of Jerdan, to whom he admits that he personally owed much, and over whom he grieves "that now he is in his grave he can give so little for so much."

Mr. S. C. Hall is, however, fond of moralizing on the graves of his dear friends; of two well-known deceased artists he virtuously makes the complaint that they did not give away to their distressed brethren, or subscribe to public institutions for their relief. Who can know what drains of private benevolence there may not be upon the best-filled purses? and how difficult it is with some to understand the dislike which often exists to fussy activity in getting up charities and subscriptions, and the ostentatious appearance of one's name in public announcements of donations. In the case of another "long-valued friend" the unhappy mode in which his life was ended is most unnecessarily dragged in, and the fact is thus brought probably for the first time to the knowledge of most of Mr. S. C. Hall's readers. A cruel and severe sermon is preached over two eminent sculptors, also particular friends of the writer. The cause of temperance is a good one, but it is hardly commendable to enforce it as it has now been enforced by Mr. S. C. Hall.

Among actors Macready receives a considerable share of mention and praise. But Mr. S. C. Hall is not fond of other people's reminiscences, especially when they are those of his dead friends. He is not satisfied that so many of the friends and acquaintances of the great tragedian should have been merely named in those of Macready. Probably the first thing almost every one does on taking up a volume of memoirs in which he may expect to find himself referred to, is to look for his own name in the index. If Mr. S. C. Hall did so in the present instance, he would have found himself not mentioned by Macready at all, but only figuring in the list of stewards officiating at the farewell dinner given to his friend on taking leave of the stage. The disappointment expressed may perhaps be thus accounted for.

The Irish comments and recollections are about the best things in Mr. S. C. Hall's book, but it is odd to find Swift (of English family, although actually born in Ireland) put among the aristocracy of Irish intellect, and accused of an absentee's spirit because he wanted to get away to some English preferment from his banishment in Dublin. Strange also is it to find the Irish called the most "homogeneous" people on the face of the globe, the word being employed to indicate their remarkable varieties of descent, and to emphasize the remark that it would be difficult to find in all Ireland a score of pure-blooded Milesians.

WORSHIP AND ORDER.*

IT is always worth while to collect in one volume the scattered anonymous writings of an eminent man, if it were only for the sake of convenience of reference, and of comparison. But Mr. Beresford Hope's articles on "ecclesiastical and ecclesiological questions" have a further special and intrinsic value when taken in connexion with each other. Not only do they testify to the complete mastery of their author over the subjects of which he treats, and to the singleness of purpose, the definiteness of aim, and the soundness and moderation of judgment which distinguish his controversial writings; but they are indispensable to the future historian of the religious development of the nineteenth century. The materials for a full history of the great religious movement in the Church of England, which began exactly fifty years ago with the publication of Mr. Keble's famous Assize Sermon on National Apostasy, preached on July 14th, 1833, are rapidly accumulating. Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences* and Bishop Wilberforce's *Life* are among the more recent contributions to the store. The veteran Sir William Palmer, breaking the silence of many years, has recently given in the May number of the *Contemporary Review* his recollections of the beginning of the so-called Oxford Movement, which has elicited a letter from Cardinal Newman in the *Spectator*, giving what is really an explanation rather than an absolute contradiction of the fact that Hurrell Froude and himself had, during their

* *Worship and Order*. By the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P., Author of "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," and "Worship in the Church of England." London: John Murray. 1883.

stay in Italy, considered with Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman the terms of possible union with the Roman Church. Our own columns have lately contained a valuable statement as to the particular share of Cambridge in the Church revival. And it is to this particular branch of the subject that Mr. Beresford Hope's present volume is a most important contribution. We welcome therefore with gratitude this supplement or continuation of his former treatise, published in 1874 under the title of *Worship in the Church of England*. It is to the "worship" of the Church, as to its principles, its order, and the adaptation of the material fabrics to its requirements, that the best energies of the Cambridge school of "ecclesiologists" have been devoted. The late Archdeacon Freeman was the first, for example, to deal with the "Principles" of Divine Worship. Liturgiology, as he called it, and hymnology were the departments in which the late John Mason Neale laboured most assiduously. The first reprint of the Sarum Missal, only now approaching its completion after more than twenty years of study, has been the work of Mr. Dickinson, aided by several zealous coadjutors. Mr. Beresford Hope is one of the survivors who has had most to do with that architectural revival which has transformed the interior of almost every cathedral and church in England from a state of squalor and neglect to the very "beauty of holiness." And to this task he has added a deep interest and a foremost place in the controversies, literary and forensic, which of necessity attended the restoration of the external decencies of worship in response to the revived knowledge of liturgical and ritual science. It is not given to every one to be distinguished not only in political life, and (of late years) in lighter literature, but also in the earnest support and even in the judicious direction of a deep religious movement in more than one of its aspects. In the volume before us Mr. Beresford Hope appeals to the public in the last of these capacities.

More than twenty years ago his volume on *The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century* proved that he had fully mastered even then the problem of the proper use of our great cathedral churches in regard to the reformed worship of the English Church, and also that of the adaptation of the cathedral chapter to the altered requirements of the times. This accurate knowledge of the subject made him a fit member of the Cathedral Commission, which is about to conclude its prolonged labours. In 1874, soon after the enactment of the unhappy and abortive Public Worship Regulation Act, Mr. Beresford Hope published a book under the title of *Worship in the Church of England*. And now, after an interval of nine years, he has again given us, in the present volume, a selection of articles—some of them addresses read at Church Congresses, and some of them papers reprinted from various reviews—which may serve, he rightly thinks, to connect and to supplement his earlier publications. The essays thus collected are grouped, not according to their dates, but to their subjects. The earliest in point of time was written in 1851, while the latest made its appearance only last year. It deserves notice, and ought to command respect, that the writer has never swerved from his direct and honest purpose through the agitating controversies of more than thirty years. Failures or successes, the extravagances on the one side or the shortcomings on the other, have not discouraged nor carried away beyond a due limit of moderation those who have worked with Mr. Beresford Hope, and of whom he is the best representative, in the restoration, not only of the fabrics, but of the lawful worship, of the Church of England.

We proceed to give our readers a brief account of the varied contents of this volume of essays. The subjects are divided into four groups. First of all we find four papers on Dioceses, Cathedrals, and Collegiate Churches. In a paper read before the Cambridge Church Congress in 1861, long before Sir Richard Cross carried his Bill for the creation of six new sees, and before the revival of the Act of Henry VIII. concerning Suffragan Bishops, Mr. Beresford Hope pleaded for the creation of new dioceses by voluntary local exertions. He there laid it down that each county had an equitable claim to be made a distinct diocese. We observe that in a vigorous paper on the Increase of the Episcopate in the current number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, the writer, who shows by most interesting statistical tables the absolute necessity for more bishops in order to keep pace with the demands of the growing population for the one episcopal act of confirmation, not to speak of other requirements, supports this claim of the multiplication of dioceses until they shall equal, at least, the number of the counties. This, or more, must surely come in time, and we hope that the diocese of Southwell may soon follow the examples of Truro and Newcastle. In 1875, at the Church Congress at Stoke-upon-Trent, Mr. Beresford Hope pleaded for the organization of capitular chapters in all large towns, as being the best method for securing united and effective action in the pastoral work of the Church. He had already advocated at Bristol, in 1864, the creation of collegiate churches in towns, as infinitely preferable to the multiplication of small independent cures by the excessive subdivision of large parishes. Every year's practical experience proves the wisdom of this advice. This paper is followed by one on the Missionary Aspects of Cathedrals, which was contributed in 1872 to Dean Howson's volume entitled *Essays on Cathedrals*. In this essay the writer advocated the foundation and endowment of new stalls, with definite spheres of work for their occupants; and in the following year he was able to carry through both Houses of Parliament without a division the Canonries Act, containing provisions for the creation of such posts of work and dignity in

existing chapters. It is remarkable that the re-endowment of the prebendal stall of Cantlers, held by Mr. Ottey, in St. Paul's is the only instance as yet of advantage being taken of this Act.

The three succeeding essays, on Religion and Architecture, Churches and Congregations, and the Ideal of Liturgical Worship in the Church of England, are short and telling addresses delivered at Newcastle, Brighton, and Derby respectively at the meetings of the Church Congress in those towns. These are distinctively ecclesiological. They are followed by a much more remarkable paper, reprinted from the old *Christian Remembrancer* of 1851, entitled "Oratorianism and Ecclesiology." The foot-notes added to this paper, calling attention to the actual fulfilment of some predictions uttered more than thirty years ago, and emphasizing or qualifying some assertions, are of great interest. In his preface Mr. Beresford Hope refers to the large Italian church now approaching its completion at the Brompton Oratory. The style of this building is a material evidence of the truth of the tendencies to which this paper called attention so many years ago.

The present Dean of Chester, Dr. Howson, published a volume in 1875 under the title of *Before the Table*, in which he tried to show that the right position of the celebrant in the English Communion Office was not "before the Table" at all, as the rubric expressly directs, but at the north end of it. This drew down a merited and most crushing castigation in the pages of the *Church Quarterly Review* from the pen of Mr. Beresford Hope. This able article, which is conclusive in its argument, is reprinted as the next in order in the present volume. It is followed by two papers—one on the Ridsdale Judgment, the other on the controversy between Lord Selborne and Mr. James Parker. Both of these made their first appearance in the pages of the *Church Quarterly Review*. They should be read together. Few persons are better qualified than their author to form a trustworthy opinion on the whole controversy. The lapse of five or six years has done nothing to support the extraordinary fallacy which lies at the root of the Ridsdale judgment—namely, that the Advertisements of Archbishop Parker in 1566, the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth, even assuming that they had ever had the royal authority, and were the "other order" contemplated in the Act of Uniformity of 1559, were to be "read in" to the Ornaments Rubric, which has the statutory force of Parliamentary enactment in 1662. On the contrary, Mr. Parker has much improved his position. There are few unprejudiced critics who would not consider that he has by far the best of the argument. Mr. Beresford Hope, looking back on the controversy as a whole, thus records his deliberate conviction in weighty words:—

I must plainly declare that, with much deference for its authors, nothing in that [the Ridsdale] judgment has led me to alter or modify in any way the opinions which I had previously expressed. On the contrary, and speaking with all respect, I am compelled to declare that, as I read that decision from the standing ground not of authority but of argument, the character of its reasoning, considered both from the logical and from the historical side, has tended to confirm me still more decidedly in my original views.

Finally, the volume before us concludes with a reprint of the three consecutive chapters, entitled "The Public Worship Regulation Act," "Liberty not License," and "Ritual Reconciliation," under the common head of Peace in the Church, which first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of May 1881. These wise and conciliatory words were meant to open the way for a *modus vivendi* under the present circumstances of the ceremonial controversy. Having shown the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of accepting the reasoning of the Ridsdale judgment, Mr. Beresford Hope urges that "the peaceable way of opinion" may perhaps decide the questions in dispute "without recurring to the perilous and inflammatory agency of law courts or of Parliament." We have since seen, in the wise and charitable action of the late Archbishop of Canterbury on his deathbed, seconded by the large-mindedness and generosity of the Bishop of London, in the transference of Mr. Mackonochie from St. Albans, Holborn, to another benefice, how much "the peaceable way of opinion" has made progress during the last two years. We still believe that the ill-judged proceedings of the Primate of the Northern Province and his suffragan of Manchester in reopening the ritual controversy will issue in failure, and that the attempt of the Church Association to deprive Mr. Mackonochie of his new preferment will meet with no success. Temper and moderation will, in the long run, win the victory. Meanwhile, the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission is beginning to be eagerly expected. If any final court of ecclesiastical appeal can be agreed upon which would satisfy Churchmen, and if the ritual cases of the last few years could be reheard, after full argument, before such a court, there may be hopes of a reasonable solution of the present difficulties of the Church. Meanwhile, the following foot-note appended by Mr. Beresford Hope to one of these concluding papers, and dated 1882, is of special interest and importance. It will be welcomed as a good omen by all who have any interest in the future welfare of the National Church. "This is a fitting place," he says, "to note that in the last conversation which I had upon Church questions with Archbishop Tait, for whom I cherish a very deep respect and affection, about the end of July 1882, he acknowledged himself a convert to separate judgments in contrast to the collective judgment which marks the decisions of the Judicial Committee, and expressed the hope that the result of this Commission might be the constitution of some reformed tribunal upon which the ritual questions might be tried again without respect for the existing judgments."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

IRELAND, one might think, should afford at the present time an ample feast of horrors even for those whose appetite for tales of bloodshed is of the keenest. If there has been in the last few months a great falling off in the number of murders, nevertheless in the investigation of cruel crimes, in the tracking out of ruffians, and in their trials an almost daily supply of exciting reading is provided in our newspapers. We can not only sup full of horrors, but breakfast and dine on them too. At first sight it would seem likely that when the realities of life are so shocking the very opposite would be asked for in fiction. We might have expected that the reader, tired of the daily columns of assassinations, would throw down his newspaper in disgust, and call for a novel in which the characters should have as little to do with crimes and the police-courts as almost all people have who live neither in Ireland nor in stories in three volumes. But it would seem that novel-readers are somewhat like Hotspur. When in their *Times* or *Telegraph* they have read at breakfast the trial of some half-dozen assassins, they cry out later on in the day, "Fie upon this quiet reading! We want excitement." Finding that in all the evening papers there is not the account of even a single murder, they call for the latest novel, in the hope that the circulating library will be able to provide for them what all the ruffians in Ireland have for one night refused. In like manner it has been noticed that it is in times of war that tales of fights by land and sea are most eagerly sought after. The mind gets restless, and in its weakness and want of self-control is unable to enjoy that fare which would be far the most wholesome. As we lay down the account of some battle or some Irish plot we should do well, no doubt, were we at once to turn to Miss Austen and her unrivalled descriptions of quiet English life. But we do not do so. We refuse a plain cut of mutton and home-brewed beer, and loudly call for fresh courses of highly seasoned food and for strong if not generous wines. We must not, therefore, be over-indignant with our novelists if they cater for the public taste. Many of them, no doubt, are honest, quiet, home-loving people, with so little taste for bloodshed that they would cross the street rather than pass a butcher's shop. In the trade into which they have got they may be likened to the less guilty of the Irish conspirators. They have entered into it without at all knowing to what lengths it would lead them. To their astonishment, and perhaps disgust, they find themselves forced, under the pain of losing, if not their own lives, at all events their livelihood, to enter upon a most amazing course of mystery and murder. They have no help for it but to plot crimes and to take life. Such being the case, we ought almost to congratulate Mr. Robinson on the moderation which he has shown in this his latest story. It is true that almost from the beginning to the end it is a tale of murder; but then only one murder is committed. On the other hand, this poverty of crime is almost counterbalanced by the number of people who are suspected. So artfully is the plot contrived, so well is the secret kept, and so skilfully are false clues given, that the reader spends his time in a company of people each of whom may be worthy of the gallows. We confess that our self-esteem was not a little hurt when at last the curtain rose and the real murderer stepped forth on to the scene. What had become of all that sagacity on which we prided ourselves, acquired as it had been by years of patient plodding through dull novels? We had hitherto flattered ourselves that a hero, a heroine, and a villain, however much masked they might be when they were first introduced to us, could not for five minutes baffle our penetration. But for once we were utterly at fault. We greatly doubt whether Mr. Robinson has in this matter acted wisely for his own interest. He should remember that an author, if he is to please, must always keep on good terms with his reader, and should even go so far as now and then to flatter his vanity. If his story has a secret, he should let just so much of it be seen that every one should think that he alone is able to penetrate it, while his fellow-readers are, he is convinced, all astray. But most certainly the feelings of a veteran critic should be treated with consideration and respect. He should always be allowed to nurse the pleasant belief that in sagacity he is not like other men.

On the title that our author has chosen he is certainly to be congratulated. *The Hands of Justice* has a taking sound. Scarcely less taking is the design stamped on the binding of a pair of scales evenly hung and of a sword. The scales are throughout kept well on the balance, but the sword scarcely falls even at the end. For the murderer ample excuse is found in the last chapter; the murder turns out to be after all much more a case of manslaughter, and the guilty man becomes penitent and gets married. The scene opens in a Reformatory, where we are introduced to the two heroes. One of them, John Woodhatch, had, when a boy, twenty-five years before, tried to murder a cruel old thief, the father of the other hero, Greg Dorward. Woodhatch had passed through the Reformatory, had become rich, and was spending his life in the attempt to reclaim those who were still as bad as he had once been. He was, above all, bent on saving the son of his old enemy, the lad Greg Dorward, who was now at the close of his time in the Reformatory. In this opening scene the author shows no small power, though certainly more power than good taste. Mr. Woodhatch took Greg down with him to his farm on the seacoast of Lincolnshire, where he had a strange collection of char-

acters either already reformed or at all events reforming. Only two or three days had passed after his return when a young man, Morris Blake by name, was found murdered in the road. Hereupon the mystery begins, and webs of suspicion are constantly woven, to be as constantly destroyed. The story, we should imagine, was first published in parts. It was therefore the author's business to make each number close in such a manner as to raise the interest of his readers to a high pitch and to flatter them with the belief that they were at length upon the right clue, and that in the very next chapter the secret would be revealed. As these false signals of light were thus given, to be followed at once by a fresh plunge into mystery and darkness, we were reminded of the railway that has been carried along the shores of the Mediterranean from Spezzia to Genoa. On this line there are far more tunnels than open spaces. The traveller as he is whirled along is always hoping that at length he has passed the mountains, and that the blue sea and sky which have once more delighted his eyes will not again be hidden from him. But even as he thus gazes and hopes he is hurried into a deep cutting in the rocks, which is the next moment succeeded by the blackness and suffocating air of a long tunnel. At last he becomes irritated by these rapid alternations of light and darkness, hopes and disappointments, and begins to think that one unbroken tunnel would be less annoying. So Mr. Robinson, if he at first provoked our curiosity by the light that he often seemed to throw upon us at the close of one chapter, yet in the end excited still more our indignation by the obscurity in which he at once enveloped us at the beginning of the next. We were above all annoyed with an old woman of the name of Chadderton. She is a mystery in herself and a cause of mystery in others. She is specially irritating when she has the last word in a chapter. She warns, and she has warnings given against her. "Beware of her," says Miss Brake, the murdered man's sister, to Mr. Woodhatch "in a hasty whisper." "She knows who killed my brother." A little further on in the story the old woman herself in a husky whisper says to the same gentleman, "Master, it is all found out. You must go away at once." But while Miss Brake thus says that Mrs. Chadderton knows who the murderer was, and while it is clear that Mrs. Chadderton suspects Mr. Woodhatch, Mr. Woodhatch in his turn suspects a man named Fladge, while some suspect an old Wesleyan minister, and others Mrs. Chadderton herself, and the reader suspects almost everybody excepting the guilty man.

Some agreeable complications are provided by cross-purposes in love-making. Thus Miss Brake was in love with Mr. Woodhatch, who in his turn was in love with Lucy Larcom, who had been secretly married to Morris Blake, the murdered man, who after his marriage had made love to Kitty Vane, who was in love with Greg Dorward, who later on in the story fell in love with Lucy Morris when she was now a widow, who at last married Mr. Woodhatch, who was wrongfully suspected of having murdered her husband. It will be noticed that at first there were three men and three women for them to marry. But unfortunately all three of them at one time or other were in love with the same girl. One of the men, as we have said, is conveniently got rid of by being murdered, and one of the women dies when she too much blocks up the course of the story. The second man might very easily and conveniently have been hanged, but then the author would have had on his hands an amiable young woman with whom he would have been greatly puzzled what to do. He could not for very shame kill her off as he had killed off number one in the trio. He was therefore forced to rescue her lover from the hands of the law, and to make of him as good a husband as he could. In order to marry the third couple, he was obliged to borrow, perhaps unconsciously, an incident from *Vanity Fair*. Lucy had persisted in remaining faithful to the memory of her dead husband. At last she was convinced of his unworthiness by the woman to whom he had made love, just as in Thackeray's story Amelia was convinced by Becky.

It seems scarcely worth while to object to the law as it is laid down by our novelists. They are as famous expounders as even the gravedigger in *Hamlet*. Mr. Robinson's justices of the peace commit a man to prison on a charge of murder on the slightest evidence. Moreover, they do not at once discharge him even when the real culprit has avowed his guilt and has been locked up by them. In every story of murder a will always figures, and a will that is on a par with the rest of the bits of law that are scattered here and there in the tale. In the present story the lady who dies leaves "all the property of which she was possessed, and to which she might be entitled in any way, absolutely and for ever" to one of her friends, "on the one condition that she should not marry" a certain man. How it was left absolutely and yet with a condition, and how the condition was to be enforced as no trustees were appointed, we are nowhere told. Of course the young woman did marry the young man; or what would have been the use of making such a will? However, so long as a reader is interested he is willing to allow his author to take almost any liberty he pleases with either law or likelihood. He will even pardon the excessive striving after fine words which makes Mr. Robinson describe a high-pitched voice as welling from a room, and the equal striving after accuracy which leads him to write *bond (sic) fides*. As he closes the third volume he will allow that, if he has not been exactly pleased, he has at all events been interested, and he will regard the author with a feeling of indulgence.

* *The Hands of Justice*. By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Women are Strange," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

DU CAMP'S SOUVENIRS LITTÉRAIRES.*

LIKE the first, and even more than the first, volume of M. Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs littéraires*, the second is distinguished by a remarkable and unusual absence of pretentiousness on the part of the writer, and by a uniform fairness and even amiability of tone. The tendency of too many writers of reminiscences to give themselves the *beau rôle* is entirely absent; indeed, in this volume M. du Camp may be said, with insignificant exceptions, to have effaced himself altogether. Where he appears in *propria persona* it is generally to give some striking anecdote, as in the case of his narrative of a dinner with General Aupick (Baudelaire's stepfather) bearing on another person, or to illustrate some public question, as in the story of his practical arrest by one of the early Police Ministers of the Second Empire, for the important purpose of preventing the *Revue de Paris* from noticing the failure of an actress who happened to have friends in high quarters. Where, as in the case of Mérimée, he avows a certain dislike to any particular person, it is always accompanied by a full recognition of that person's merits. There is also a remarkable absence of triviality in these reminiscences (as an instance, it is sufficient to indicate the notice of Gérard de Nerval, and to suggest that the reader should contrast it with the parallel reminiscences recently published by M. Arsène Houssaye), while they are at the same time eminently readable in the better sense which modern frivolity attaches to that word. It is scarcely necessary to say that we do not always adopt M. du Camp's critical estimates exactly, or agree with him entirely on points of detail. But disagreement on very many minor points (and, as a matter of fact, we disagree with him on but a few) would be forgotten in agreement with a protest so hearty, so sensible, and so well timed as that which he makes on the subject of Alexandre Dumas, and in admiration of his frank and ungrudging acknowledgment of many other men's merits. This is free alike from the petty *dénigrement* too common in the estimate of one man of letters by another, and from the exaggerated eulogy which, if not so common, is also commonly found. At the close of the book the reader, after listening to the modest words on the career of letters—words devoid alike of exaggeration and of cynicism—which M. du Camp appends as peroration, mentally shakes hands with him as with a most friendly, honourable, and just man, who has had the good fortune to know many men of the highest interest, the good sense to appreciate them at their value, the obligingness to make the public partners in his knowledge, and the ability to write worthily on a subject than which few present more traps to the unwary or more opportunities to the ill-willed.

The essence of reminiscences is desultoriness, and this peculiarity makes them somewhat awkward stuff for the reviewer. A certain unity is given to a good part of the volume by its chronicle of the fortunes of the *Revue de Paris*, which M. du Camp founded shortly before the *Coup d'état*, in connexion with Gautier, Flaubert, Bouilhet, and Louis de Cormenin, which soon came into his chief management, which had many literary successes and one forensic success of the first order (the defeat of the prosecution of *Madame Bovary*), and which finally succumbed, not to any literary or financial difficulty, but to an abrupt order of suspension after the Orsini attempt. But even in this part of the volume the author gives himself, and very properly, plenty of elbow-room, while elsewhere the elbow-room, so to speak, comes of itself. Some figures are prominent all through the book, the chief of whom are Théophile Gautier and Flaubert. The sketches of the former are in perfect accord with what has been previously published as to the amiability of his character, his half-sincere half-humorous love of paradox (in Flaubert it was almost wholly sincere and scarcely humorous at all), his unceasing labours despite a strong objection to labour, and the singular ill-luck which to the end of his life again and again deprived him of opportunities of rest. It is easy to imagine his wrath, and it is a curious instance of the undying officialism of France, that in the time of the second Republic, and when writing on the anniversary of the birth of Corneille, he, the least political and certainly the least Republican of Frenchmen, was officially rebuked and his poem refused because he had spoken disrespectfully of Louis XIV. More comic, however, and even more characteristic, is the story of the persecutions to which his invincible reluctance to mount guard as a "National" exposed him. On Flaubert, as might be expected, there is much more, though scarcely as much in proportion as in the first volume. Still it would almost be possible from this book to write a life of the author of *Salammbo*. There is no reason to doubt M. du Camp's theory that after the semi-epileptic attack recorded in the first volume, Flaubert was permanently affected, not, in the ordinary sense, in his mind, but in will, in power of development, and in judgment.

The abundance of information as to other names of the first, or almost the first, interest is hardly less. The notice of Mérimée has been referred to, but it is more *ab extra* than any other in the book, and adds little to what may be gathered from Mérimée's own works and the ordinary biographies. It is introduced *à propos* of a certain Dr. Koreff, whose guest Mérimée frequently was, as also were Loeve-Weimars, Beyle, the two Mussets, Delacroix, Viollet-le-Duc, Ampère, Arvers, and Victor Cousin. It will be allowed that M. du Camp is within the mark in saying that the Doctor "choisissait bien ses convives." There is a much more

circumstantial account of Gérard de Nerval, for whose suicide M. du Camp argues very strongly. Not the worst anecdote in the book is one of Gérard rushing into a room with rage in his looks, and announcing his intention to go to Guernsey and have it out with Hugo for offending against heraldic rules by making the knights in the "Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean" bear "gueules sur azur," which certainly is a sufficiently grave solecism. Of Louis Bouilhet (too little known in England) and of the influence he exercised on Flaubert's style there is also much. But to the general there will no doubt be most attraction in the notices of Dumas, Sand (as M. du Camp usually, and we think rather ungracefully, calls her), and Musset. Of the last-named there is not much more than of Mérimée; there is indeed less of personal reminiscence. But M. du Camp has done Musset's biographers the service of settling the point that Ledru Rollin has the proud distinction of dismissing the poet from his post of librarian and of giving many details about the egregious Mlle. Louise Colet, who persecuted Flaubert in his life and told inventions about Musset after his death. As for George Sand, she remarked to M. du Camp at their first meeting, "Je ne dis rien parce que je suis bête," which may be allowed to have been an excess of modesty. The souvenirs of Dumas, which precede the interesting piece of criticism above referred to, are chiefly in reference to his Neapolitan sojourn. The great Alexandre is not generally thought of as a sentimentalist, and this makes the account of his sensitiveness to the know-nothingism of the Neapolitans (who, after all that he had done for Garibaldi, got up a kind of military riot against him because he, a foreigner, was appointed, though without pay, director of the Pompeian explorations) all the more affecting.

Many pale ghosts flit across the pages of this *revue*, some of them all but unknown to us. H. C. Read, Charles Barbara, Francis Wey we know indeed. But to Etienne Eggis, Paul Deltuf, and others we frankly confess that M. du Camp has introduced us. Not the least interesting section of the book to some readers will be that on Baudelaire, of whom, much as has been written of him, biographical information is still very scanty. M. du Camp's account, which is both amicable and appreciative, puts perhaps in too strong a light the deliberate eccentricity which was even more Baudelaire's fault in life than it was in literature. We do not remember that the reason of the singular voyage to the Indies which coloured his life and thought so strongly has ever been so definitely stated before. According to M. du Camp, on the authority of General Aupick's aide-de-camp, it was nothing less than a deliberate attempt of the young man (he was then very young) to throttle his military step-parent for some fancied insult to his own father. Two stories here given of M. du Camp's own experience of Baudelaire are so comic that they must be quoted:—

Malgré la réserve naturelle à une première rencontre, notre entrevue fut cordiale. Le début de notre dialogue fut étrange. Baudelaire me dit: "Monsieur, j'ai soif." Je lui offris de la bière, du thé, un grog. Il me répondit: "Monsieur, je vous remercie, je ne bois que du vin." Je lui proposai à son choix du vin de Bordeaux ou du vin de Bourgogne. "Monsieur, si vous me le permettez, je boirai de l'un et de l'autre." On apporta deux bouteilles, un verre, une carafe; il dit: "Monsieur, veuillez faire enlever cette carafe; la vue de l'eau m'est désagréable." Pendant une heure que dura notre entretien, il but les deux bouteilles de vin, par larges lampées, lentement, comme un charretier. Je restai d'autant plus impassible que je le voyais, toutes les fois qu'il vidait son verre, chercher du coin de l'œil à lire l'impression que je pouvais éprouver.

Son originalité, qui était grande, se trouvait souvent atténuée par le mal qu'il se donnait pour la faire ressortir. Longtemps après notre première entrevue, un dimanche, qui est le jour où mes amis veulent bien venir me voir, il entra chez moi avec les cheveux teints en vert. Je fis semblant de ne pas le remarquer. Il se plaçait devant la glace, se contemplant, se passant la main sur la tête et s'évertuant à attirer les regards. N'y tenant plus, il me dit: "Vous ne trouvez rien d'anormal en moi?—Mais non.—Cependant j'ai des cheveux verts, et ça n'est pas commun." Je répliquai: "Tout le monde a des cheveux plus ou moins verts; si les vôtres étaient bleu de ciel, ça pourrait me surprendre: mais des cheveux verts, il y en a sous bien des chapeaux à Paris." Presque immédiatement il s'en alla et, rencontrant un de mes amis dans la cour, il lui dit: "Je ne vous engage pas à entrer chez Du Camp; il est aujourd'hui d'une humeur massacrante."

It is no wonder that these extravagances half puzzled and half disgusted a public which did not know or care to know how admirably the perpetrator of them had satirized his own weaknesses in *La Fanfarlo*, and in not a few of his critical writings. *A propos* of Baudelaire, it is rather too bad of M. du Camp to allude (without naming him) twice to the late M. Poulet-Malassais as a "libraire en faillite," with other disrespectful qualifications. The fact is, we believe, undoubted, and perhaps his bankruptcy was not the only delinquency of "mon cher Coco Malperché." But then he produced many very pretty books, and there are so many book-sellers who, perfectly solvent and highly respectable, produce nothing but ugly ones, and do not care for anything but the saleableness of their contents. Now Poulet-Malassais was a *libraire-bibliophile*—a species not to be lightly evil spoken of.

Very interesting, again, if not absolutely novel, is the account of Philoxène Boyer, a man of real talent and intense affection for letters, who, in despite of the warnings of Gautier and other charitable souls, spent a modest fortune in entertaining literary parasites, and then had the extraordinary bad luck, after attaining deserved success as a lecturer, to lose his voice and be condemned for the rest of his life to wretchedly paid hack-work and unacknowledged collaboration. But M. du Camp is everywhere interesting and very often amusing, though it must be acknowledged that, like most such books, his makes perhaps more frequent calls on tears than on laughter.

* *Souvenirs littéraires*. Par Maxime du Camp. Tome II. Paris: Hachette. 1883.

TWO BOOKS ON THE SETTLED LAND ACT.*

THE Settled Land Act, 1882, which, after a disheartening series of failures, due either to opposition or indifference, finally received the Royal assent on the 10th of August, has for its object the remedying of one of the most obvious blots on our system of land tenure. Writers on that system have invariably stigmatized the existence and the incidents of "limited ownership" as being the main reason why land in England cannot be utilized to its fullest capacity. A tenant for life of strictly settled land, perhaps charged in his hands with a jointure, portions for younger children, and a mortgage or two, is necessarily compelled either to starve or rackrent the land in order to live by it. Clearly the rational method in such a case is to part with a portion of the land in question and utilize the purchase-money in lightening the burdens on the remaining portion. Hitherto a particular coincidence of circumstances has been necessary to render such a course feasible; the tenant for life could, in the absence of express provision, do little or nothing in the way of disposing of any part of the land, and one makeshift after another had to be resorted to until a combination of the requisite conditions came to pass and enabled a large impoverished estate to be circumscribed into a smaller and more flourishing one. One has not to go far in this country to meet with many instances of this unfortunate sort—especially when the rate of interest yielded by land is as low as it now is. The possession of land nowadays is speedily becoming an expensive luxury rather than a means of subsistence, a subject of expenditure rather than a source of income; and the time is probably not far distant when the only possible landowner in this country will be the wealthy manufacturer or business man who seeks to acquire landed property for the sake of the status and influence its possession confers, and who possesses accumulated capital or income which both renders him indifferent whether his land pays him or not, and also enables him to subsidize the land and give it the best chance of doing well in the long run. In his work on "English Land and English Landlords," Mr. George Brodric has ably combated the old-fashioned idea that it is for the benefit of the community at large that land should be at any cost preserved in the hands of aristocratic families, and argues that theoretically, and very often practically too, the wealthy parvenu makes a better landlord than the impoverished nobleman of limited means but unlimited lineage, whose ancestors have wellnigh sucked the land dry before it comes to him. Things are unquestionably tending in the direction of free-trade in land, and the Settled Land Act is a by no means unimportant step towards the attainment of that end. As the authors of the book before us point out in their first chapter:—

The general purpose of the Settled Land Act is to give to an owner for the time being, having a beneficial interest in land under a settlement, whether the subject of the settlement be an estate in fee simple or a less estate, power to dispose of or deal with the land or the estate or interest therein which is settled so as to turn it to the best account, in the same manner as if he were a prudent man absolutely entitled to the subject-matter of the settlement and having complete power of disposition, care being at the same time taken to preserve the *corpus* of the property for the benefit of the successors in title of the owner for the time being.

Messrs. Wolstenholme and Turner introduce the Act by a short summary of its most material divisions and provisions, wherein they foreshadow the means by which it is sought thus to render land a more marketable commodity. The Act itself is divided into seventeen parts, each dealing with a particular class of provisions. Part I. is purely preliminary, giving the title of the Act, the date of its coming into force—namely, from and after the 31st of December, 1882, and providing that it shall not apply to Scotland. Part II. comprises the definition of the terms used in the Act, which are remarkable for their inclusiveness, inasmuch as the term "settlement" is made to embrace "any deed, will, agreement for a settlement, or other agreement, covenant to surrender, copy of Court roll, Act of Parliament, or other instrument, or any number of instruments, whether made or passed before or after, or partly before and partly after, the commencement of this Act, under or by virtue of which instrument or instruments any land or any estate or interest in land stands for the time being limited to or in trust for any persons by way of succession." So, again, the tenant for life, who is the principal figure throughout the Act, is defined to be "the person who is for the time being, under a settlement, beneficially entitled to possession of settled land for his life," thus including equitable tenants for life, and tenants for life whose possession is purely constructive by reason of the land being in the immediate occupation of their tenants.

Part III. introduces the leading idea and main provision of the Act by enacting that a tenant for life may sell the settled land, or any part thereof, or any easement, right, or privilege, of any kind over or in relation to the same, subject only to an exception contained in section 15, by which the principal mansion-house cannot be parted with without the consent of the trustees or the Court; a latitude of action which, while on the one hand it far exceeds the powers ordinarily conferred by settlements, is on the other susceptible of still further extension should the settlement or other instrument so express the intention of the settlor. Additional

clauses give the tenant for life power, in lieu of a sale out and out, to make an exchange of the settled land, or any part thereof, for other land, including an exchange in consideration of money paid for equality of exchange, and where the settlement comprises an undivided share in land, or, under the settlement, the settled land has come to be held in undivided shares, to concur in making a partition of the entirety, including a partition in consideration of money paid for equality of partition. Certain later clauses of the Act confer powers ancillary to these, which are conveniently summarized in one of the notes with which the authors supplement the text of the Act. It is obvious that, in the face of these large facilities bestowed upon the tenant for life, counterbalancing restrictions must be imposed so as to secure that those who come after him shall not be prejudiced by his action; that they shall, subject to the change of land into money which is to be presumed to be for the benefit of all concerned, be put in the same position as if the terms of the settlement had been strictly adhered to; and accordingly we find in sec. 4 that every sale shall be made for the best price that can reasonably be obtained, and every exchange or partition on the same terms, and that settled land in England shall not be given in exchange for land out of England. Passing over for the moment some intermediate provisions, we find in sec. 21 enumerated the securities in which capital money arising under the Act shall, subject to the payment of claims properly payable thereout, and to application thereof for any specially authorized object, be invested or applied. The list is an unusually liberal one, and provides for investment of the proceeds in certain specified securities so as to form a trust-fund, and also for their expenditure in paying off incumbrances, effecting improvements in the land, or equalizing advantageous exchanges or partitions. All moneys whilst uninvested or unapplied, and all securities purchased therewith, and all lands acquired by exchange or purchase under the powers of the Act, are to be brought into settlement and made subject to the same limitations as the land originally settled, money and securities being for this purpose treated, so far as regards disposition, transmission, and devolution, as though they were absolutely the land which they represent, and the income therefrom as though it still issued out of the land. This latter provision is somewhat startling at first; but it is the direct result of the policy of the Act, is absolutely essential to the securing justice to the persons ultimately interested, and is not without its prototype in the Equity doctrine which for similar purposes treats money which is directed to be laid out in land as though it had already been so invested.

The improvements to which money realized by the sale of settled land, and which are enumerated in Part VII. of the Act, may be applied, are based on a system no less liberal than that regulating the investments in which such money may be placed. Provided the improvements are executed on or in connexion with and for the benefit of the settled land, there is scarcely any class of work calculated to enhance the value of the land or ameliorate the condition of those employed or resident upon it which may not be undertaken by the tenant for life. The Act appears to contemplate, though it does not provide in very definite terms, that the sanction of the Court or the Land Commissioners shall be obtained before the carrying out of any improvements by means of capital money. This affords an additional safeguard that the money shall be properly expended and applied, and probably when the Act gets into working order the necessity for such sanction will not entail any material delay or expense. Section 29 contains the provisions necessary to enable the tenant for life to avail himself of the above-mentioned powers of the Act without interruption from or responsibility to either his own sub-tenant (as the authors rightly interpret the section) or the remainder man or reversioner, who might otherwise call him to account for trespass in the one case or waste in the other. Part VIII. of the Act gives the tenant for life the contracting power requisite for establishing the position accorded him by the Act, and makes such contracts binding on and in the hands of his successors in title. A noticeable, but clumsily drawn, section (sec. 50) provides that the powers conferred on the tenant for life shall not be assignable by him, and that he may continue to exercise them after the estate for life has passed from him by operation of law or otherwise. In such cases, however, a somewhat inconsistent proviso requires that the rights of any person being an assignee for value of such interest shall not be prejudiced by the action of the tenant for life—an exception being, however, made to the effect that where the assignee is not in actual possession of the land, his consent is not necessary for the making of leases by the tenant for life, provided such leases are made on terms beneficial to the estate. This section does away with the existing necessity for the concurrence of mortgagor and mortgagee in any lease granted of the mortgaged premises. A variety of minor provisions, to which we do not consider it necessary specifically to refer, are designed to facilitate the working of the Act; to extend its operation to persons who, though strictly speaking not tenants for life, are, as limited owners, in an analogous position, and to ensure the continued existence of the trustees upon whose intervention the usefulness of the Act so much depends.

Part II. of the work before us contains a short review of the general effect of the Settled Land Act and the sister measure, the Conveyancing Act, 1881, on the form of settlements of real estates; a synopsis of the points arising out of the first-named measure to be borne in mind in the preparation of settlements and conveyances, and a goodly array of precedents modelled in accordance with the new state of affairs (to which Mr. Wolstenholme's position as one of the Conveyancing Counsel to the Court gives a particular

* *The Settled Land Act, 1882, with Explanatory Notes, Forms, and Precedents.* By Edward Parker Wolstenholme and Richard Ottaway Turner. London: Clowes & Sons, Limited.

The Settled Land Act, 1882. By J. Theodore Dodd, M.A. London: Horace Cox. 1883.

value and authority), together with the Rules of the Supreme Court published under the Settled Land Act last December. The work thus constitutes a very complete manual of the subject of which it treats; and, if supplemented by one of the numerous recent works on the Conveyancing Act, would well-nigh render the conveyancer independent of any further library. The notes might perhaps with advantage have been a little more full and copious; but the necessary absence of authoritative decisions on a new measure renders comment purely matter of speculation more or less intelligent and valuable, and thus minimizes the legitimate field of annotation. New measures are, however, generally fruitful of litigation; and by the time Messrs. Wolstenholme and Turner have to apply themselves to the production of a second edition, there will no doubt exist a considerable body of judicial interpretation and decision on which they may draw for illustration and exposition.

Mr. Dodd has also added a contribution to the literature of this Act. The chief feature of his book is a preliminary sketch and summary of the leading provisions of the statutes and an explanation of them, arranged under headings corresponding with sections or groups of sections. All these appear well done, though we much doubt the efficacy of the device adopted in the short summary. The mere translation of a section into other words does little towards fixing it in the memory, while for other purposes it is unquestionably better to refer to the section itself.

THE LADIES LINDORES.*

MRS. OLIPHANT as a rule never shows to more advantage than in the Scotch novels by which she originally made her reputation. If it was a *Lover and his Lass*, which seems to have appeared only the other day, was comparatively uninteresting for want of a backbone, *The Ladies Lindores* is in every respect excellent. There is an enchanting provincial colouring about those local scenes which are laid in one of the Scottish north-eastern counties; some of the quaint Scottish types are especially good, and the local dialogue is given to perfection. But at the same time the author shows her knowledge of life by embracing a wide variety of characters. We hardly know whether the old family butler of the Erskines of Dalrulzian, who, until he had some reason to believe that his end was approaching, had never gone further than the neighbouring borough, or the accomplished and eccentric young Marquis of Millefeurs, who had wandered over the greater part of the world, is the better man in his way. It is true that the butler is apparently but a faithful piece of portrait-painting, where the individuality is made absolutely unmistakable; while the Marquis is a more fanciful study, for which the author must have drawn on her imagination. But then the study of the Marquis, notwithstanding his many eccentricities, which often surprise though they never shock us, shows a shrewder and deeper insight into human nature. Indeed in this story Mrs. Oliphant indulges more freely than usual in keen though unobtrusive psychological analysis; yet, if we see a good deal of the baser aspects of human nature, we have much that is engaging by way of relief. In so far as we remember, she has never yet written a book which has not left a more or less agreeable impression behind it, altogether irrespectively of the nature of the *dénouement*. There are two girls at least in *The Ladies Lindores* who might make the fortune of any novel, being deliciously feminine and natural, though with very unmistakable strength of will. With no strikingly sensational plot, although there is one sufficiently dramatic incident, the scheme of the story is happily devised for the illustration of the various persons concerned.

One of the Ladies Lindores is the hapless victim of a sudden piece of good fortune which has befallen her father. By his unexpected succession to the family title and estates, the nature of the new Earl has been transformed. Hitherto he had been an easy-going man of the world, living abroad in straitened circumstances for economy's sake, and, while yielding to his listless self-indulgence, behaving nevertheless *en bon seigneur*. With the rise in his fortunes he recognizes new responsibilities, and is fired by new and mischievous ambitions. Henceforward he has an object in life, and that object is the aggrandizement of the house of Lindores. He is to advance himself by family alliances, and as his pretty daughters are the principal pieces he means to play, they begin to have hard times of it. Lady Lindores, a weak though well-meaning woman, becomes his accomplice, against her will. She believes in her husband; she is blinded by his specious pretences, and deluded by his plausible sophistries; nor has she resolution to oppose his determinations even when she dislikes them and dreads their consequences. Caroline, the elder of the Ladies Lindores, is sacrificed offhand, like a new Iphigenia, although not without many struggles and pitiful prayers for mercy. She is bestowed on a certain Mr. Torrance of Tinto, a bumpkin laird with a long pedigree and a bloated rent-roll. Perhaps Torrance is made unnecessarily brutal and offensive. But, as his wife's life has become an excruciating martyrdom, her fate might have been supposed to have bred some remorse in the Earl, and spared Lady Edith any similar experiences. If we supposed as much, we should reckon without the power of self-deception in a worldly man who goes on the principle that the end justifies the means. The Earl will hardly perpetrate a second time a precisely similar crime; and, indeed, it might be

impossible to find a second Mr. Torrance. All the same, he is resolved to force his younger girl's foolish inclinations for her own good, more especially when the suitor is personally desirable, and she heir to a ducal coronet. Fortunately for Lady Edith, she is quite able to hold her own, though, through the pressure brought to bear on her, she suffers severely. She had warned her sister that no woman need be married against her will, and now she is compelled to put her theories in practice. But she has a high spirit to carry her through and hope to buoy her up. Perhaps, next to the unlucky Lady Caroline Torrance, the person most to be pitied is the poor Countess. She is weak and warm-hearted, and has an excessively sensitive conscience. She had been wrapped up in her husband, and is devoted to her children. But, as Lord Lindores persists in playing the domestic tyrant, and in propounding his cynical notions with less and less disguise, more especially when opposition has irritated his temper, the scales begin to fall from her eyes. She sees him as he actually is, and his cynicism frightens and revolts her. She would help her daughter if she could, but she is afraid to cross her tyrant; and she tries self-deception, or falls back upon cowardly little compromises, which are exposed or baffled by Lady Edith's straightforwardness. The reconversion of her husband to his old ways of thinking she is ready to renounce as hopeless. But perhaps the unhappy lady's greatest cause of grief is the moral decline of her only son. She fondly recalls the time, not very long ago, when young Robin Lindores, impecunious subaltern in a line regiment, had been the most simple-minded and affectionate of boys. Now Robin is Lord Rintoul, and has exchanged into the Guards, and been mixing in fashionable London society. He has inherited his mother's weakness; he has acquired his father's worldliness; and he has come down to Lindores, where he meets Lord Millefeurs, the greatest catch of the last London season. The match-making mother in *Lockley Hall* could not "preach down a girl's heart" more ruthlessly than this beardless boy of fashion when his sister airs what he considers her sentimentality. And Lady Lindores has to listen with sorrow and indignation when her "Robin," as she still loves to call him, reflects his father's views. She fails to realize what we suspect, that Rintoul, in his natural selfishness, makes himself out more worldly than he is. While laying down the law of passive obedience on the part of daughters, the young casuist is careful to make a reservation as regards heirs and elder sons—a reservation to which he refers, in vindication of his consistency, when he engages himself subsequently for love instead of money.

The undercurrents of feeling and passion beneath the lives of the Lindores family are ingeniously directed and powerfully indicated; but Scotch readers will certainly find more entertainment in the admirable studies of genuine Scottish character. Young Erskine of Dalrulzian, who is supposed to be the hero of the tale, like the heroes of Scott as of many inferior novelists, possibly turns out more commonplace than the author meant him to be. After some hesitation between her ladyship and a rival beauty, he calmly revives a former attachment to Lady Edith Lindores, which is slowly fanned into a flame by opposition and an untoward accident. Educated in England, and having expanded his ideas by travel, he comes down to Dalrulzian to take possession, with rather exaggerated notions of his family consequence. The scene of the arrival of the illustrious absentee, incognito, is very cleverly managed; and there is a sad vanishing of some gorgeous castles in the air when he sets eyes on his modest family mansion. But there are two people, very different from each other, although closely allied, who regard Dalrulzian with equal affection. One is the exceedingly pretty Nora Barrington, daughter of an Englishman who had rented the Erskine estate from his birth, and who, from simple affection for the dear old place, is not altogether unwilling to marry its master. Indeed the match has been already arranged by the common expectation of the county. The other worshipper of the place is the ancient family retainer, cast in the Caleb Balderstone mould. Though the Barringtons had occupied the house for the best part of twenty years, although they had always shown themselves unexceptionable tenants and neighbours, and although they had amused themselves by humouring the old man's prejudices, Rolls has invariably looked upon them as intruders. It is a great day for him when the usurpers are to go, and when the rightful lord is to return to reign in their stead. He dismisses them with a characteristic gruffness of speech which is barely civil. But he and Nora understand each other; and she could understand why the old man's eyes are dimmed as he kept them fixed on the handkerchief waving from the carriage window till the carriage had disappeared in the windings of the approach. And Rolls's sense of the proprieties is scandalized by his young master's arriving unexpectedly and on foot. Yet an Erskine of Dalrulzian, as being an Erskine, has a right to please himself, and Rolls, who has better credit and more ample resources than Caleb Balderstone, finds means of making things tolerably comfortable, even with insufficient notice. Erskine is rather proud of being the possessor of this venerable piece of family antiquity, though he might have found it difficult to get on with the butler had he been destitute of all sense of humour. For of course the old sage who rules the female servants autocratically, and who is regarded by them with unbounded reverence, lays down the law dogmatically to his young master. Actuated moreover by his attachment to Nora Barrington, he insinuates counsels even on the delicate subject of marriage. But Erskine has good reason to be grateful to Rolls, who rises subsequently to sublime heights of devotion

* *The Ladies Lindores*. By Mrs. Oliphant. Blackwood & Son. 1883.

when he deliberately comes to the resolution of sacrificing life and reputation for his master. And yet there is a delightful touch of Scotch "canniness" in his way of carrying out his preliminary arrangements, when, with a very natural idea of what is fit and fair, he stipulates as to provision being made for his sister. And before sacrificing his liberty, and perhaps his life, he decides on realizing one of his cherished day-dreams. He visits the great capital of Edinburgh for the first time, and comes back with a mind as easy as his conscience when he has inspected the blood-stains of the Rizzio tragedy in Holyrood Palace and the monstrous piece of artillery on the battlements of the Castle. If Rolls is the ideal of the attached feudal retainer, Miss Barbara Erskine, Dalrulzian's spinster aunt, is among the very best of those ancient maiden ladies with whom Scottish fiction has made us familiar. She has retired on an easy income to the county town, where she can hardly be said to give herself airs, the dignity of her position being universally acknowledged. She is inclined to patronize the family of the new Earl of Lindores, since she regards them as newcomers and resents their pretensions. She practises hospitality profusely to those whom she fancies; and takes special pride in entertaining the young head of the family of Dalrulzian. Like Rolls, she would gladly provide him with a wife, in their common favourite, Miss Nora Barrington; and it is only when Lady Edith has won upon her personally, and when Nora has been persuaded to mate herself elsewhere, that she graciously gives consent to his alliance with the Lindores. We need hardly say that there are sundry capital scenes when the dignified and domineering old spinster is brought in contact with smooth-speeched Southern aristocrats like the accomplished Marquis of Millefleurs. And Millefleurs himself, ready and imperturbable, with his flow of conversation, with his easy confidence, unflinching tact, and the real generosity which underlies the lightness of his nature, might have pleased Lady Edith, as he has amused ourselves, had that young lady's affections not been pre-engaged. In short, Mrs. Oliphant's latest novel is one proof the more that her extreme fertility is not incompatible with freshness.

BOOKS ON EGYPT.

ONE of the first results of recent events in the East has naturally been an outburst of books on Egypt. As a rule they are written and printed in a hurry. They contain little that adds to our information, and they bristle with errors. They consist of romances, travels, works on art and topography; but we miss among them anything like scientific research and knowledge of hieroglyphic or Arabic literature—in short, anything more than an attempt on the part of authors, translators, and publishers to meet a sudden demand. The works of Lieblein, of De Rougé, of Wiedemann, are still only to be met with in a foreign tongue. One book by Lepsius, one by Mariette, and one by Maspero have been translated, and compilers are hard at work on the strange English of Brugsch's *History*. But it is disheartening to see how little the British public cares to attain accurate knowledge of the subject, and how easily people are contented with second-hand information, and very little of it. A foreigner has been sent by an English Committee to make discoveries in the Land of Goshen, as if we had not a single competent man among ourselves. We all want to know about the route of the Israelites, about the rule of Joseph, about the sojourn of Abraham; but we are quite satisfied to let some one else do the work and get the credit of it. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the bulk of the publications called forth by the recent "military operations" is of the most ephemeral kind, and contains nothing that is new and not much more that is old. We may mention three or four of the better class. It would be difficult to add to their number without taking in a score of pamphlets on "pyramid inches" and the Lost Tribes, or of the diaries of Cook's tourists, neatly written out from Murray and Prokesch Oesten. *Alirabi* (Blackwood) is the impossible name of a ridiculous story which bears the alternative title of "The Banks and Bankers of the Nile, by a Hadji of Hyde Park." The character of the story is betrayed by the title. If the writer knows anything of Oriental life, it is not of that phase which is shown by the Egyptians. What does "Hadji" mean? In Cairo, at least, the name denotes a pilgrim who has been at Mecca. When a lady is described as sitting with Alirabi on the summit of the *Second* Pyramid, the impossibilities overpower the story. It is difficult to read further. Apart from the absurdity of thinking that any Turkish or Egyptian officer would mount a pyramid, the apex of the Pyramid of Chafra is almost a point. One person at a time might perhaps occupy it; but here we have "Mrs. Chrysanthema Warwick" and Alirabi, "attended by three or four villanous pyramid Arabs, who slept in a heap on a corner of the platform" while the gentleman enlightened the lady in a long discourse on French political schemes which might have proved valuable had it been published at the date assigned to the story, which is that of the French and German War. It is probable that the writer has been in Egypt, but he talks of the statue of Ibrahim Pasha as standing in the Esbekeeyah. Where it stands now we cannot say, for Araby took it down, but it never stood in the Esbekeeyah. Alirabi is an officer of the Egyptian army, and has that veneer of Western polish which is so often met with among the better class in the East. He falls in love with an English widow, who apparently enjoys his society and his political lectures. She eventu-

ally finds herself in a very compromising situation with him, and a very complicated plot is worked out in a simple way, but, though the "Hadji of Hyde Park" appears to be a practised writer, his Nile novel is really not worth the trouble of reading, and adds nothing to our slender stock of Oriental knowledge.

A volume describing the Eastern travels of a Swiss gentleman, M. Boret, in 1859 has passed through eight French editions in nearly a quarter of a century. Canon Lyttleton has translated it into manly and straightforward English; so well, in fact, that, were it not for the French spelling of Arabic words, the reader could easily forget that the book was not originally written in English. It bears the well-worn title of *Egypt, Palestine, and Phœnicia* (Hodder & Stoughton), and the information it contains was no doubt tolerably advanced twenty-three years ago. It is somewhat out of date now. M. Boret at least gives us the views which were held by intelligent people at that time; but it might have been as well if in his eighth edition he had modified some statements which did not look so absurd in the first.

Much more important is Mr. Greene's *Hebrew Migration* (Trübner), of which the second edition is before us. The first edition appeared anonymously four years ago. Mr. Greene holds somewhat peculiar views, and whatever he has written here will of necessity be modified by the results of M. Naville's explorations in the Wady Toomilat. His knowledge of Egyptian history is too limited. There are qualities in the present work which show that if Mr. Greene had turned his mind, not to the investigation of Hebrew records only, but to the voluminous literature of Egypt also, the result would have been more complete and satisfactory. It mars the authority of a book of the kind when the author calls Merenptah, Mineptah, and makes Seti the first king of the Nineteenth Dynasty. He spells the name of Archbishop Usher with one s. These are not very important matters, but when we find so many errors on a single page our faith in the rest is considerably shaken. Mr. Greene's argument may be briefly stated. He does not believe that on quitting Egypt the Hebrews entered the peninsula of Sinai, but contends with great plausibility "that the released captives crossed the desert by what was then, and still is, the ordinary caravan route to Edom, that there they found Mount Sinai, and that subsequently, after many vicissitudes, and a delay extending over a period expressed *more Hebraico* as 'forty years,' they made their way to the region on the east of Jordan." The only attitude possible for the critical mind to maintain towards books like this of Mr. Greene's is that of dispassionate interest. In the present state of knowledge it is impossible to come to any decision; and we very much doubt whether evidence at all clearer and better than that afforded by the Book of Exodus will ever come to light. Nevertheless Mr. Greene's learning, his intelligent and reverent scepticism, and his clear and interesting style, raise his work high above the average.

Mr. Poole in his *Cities of Egypt* (Smith & Elder) treats of those places only which are mentioned in the Bible, and his views, like Mr. Greene's, will probably sustain extensive modification when M. Naville's excavations are completed. He points this out himself in some telling sentences:—"I would enforce what I have said again and again, nor will yet cease to repeat, that here in Zoan and the country round is the place which we ought to explore that we may recover the lost Egyptian annals of the Hebrew sojourn. Our failure in this duty is a disgrace to our love of knowledge, a scandal to our love of the Bible. We have an evil eminence in Europe for our neglect of research in Egypt." If this protest was true and forcible before Tel-el-Kebir, it is ten times more so now; yet, although Sir Erasmus Wilson and a few others have sent out money, it has been spent only in setting a foreigner to work.

The last book we have to notice is, in some respects, the most important of all. In the first place it is the largest, consisting of two quarto volumes. In the second it is illustrated lavishly, if not well. *The History of Ancient Egyptian Art*, by MM. Perrot and Chipiez (Chapman & Hall), would be a much more satisfactory book if the translator had known how to write good English and if the principal illustrator had understood drawing. Visitors to the Boolak Museum during the past three years may remember to have seen some feeble sketches lying about there, and occasionally a drawing-board furnished with a caricature of some noble statue which the artist either could not appreciate or could not copy. To our surprise, on opening these handsome volumes we recognize a number of wretched drawings, and cannot refrain from lamenting that the same artist who made the sketches of monuments in the Louvre had not been employed at Boolak. There is a little statue among the treasures there which deeply impresses lovers of the great in art. It is only nine inches high, and represents an architect of the Pyramid period named Nefer. It is fully coloured, and the face beams with intelligence and energy. As is so often the case with men of power, the features are not quite symmetrical, and the sculptor has carefully reproduced this peculiarity. Small as is the scale, the proportions are colossal. Altogether this figure is one of the most remarkable works of art in the world. No one who has ever seen it can forget it; but it is impossible to look at the cut on p. 177 of the second volume which professes to represent it without disgust and wonder. The pictures of Rahotep and Nefer are similarly ill done, preserving only the very faintest resemblance to the marvellous originals. Somewhat better is a view of the grand diorite statue of Chafra, and a coloured picture of the famous seated scribe of the Louvre is per-

fectly satisfactory in every way. The architectural illustrations are slightly superior to the majority of the figure subjects, but are by no means first-rate, and unworthy of the subject and the book, which is the first serious attempt on an adequate scale to make a chronological study of Egyptian architecture, sculpture, and painting. Our chief English authority was never able to see any changes in style, and jumbled the pyramids and Beni Hassan, Thebes and Zoan, into one category, which he labelled "Ancient Egyptian." So, too, an eminent French writer speaks as if the statues of Rahotep and of Ameniritis were contemporary, though they are separated by three millenniums at least, if not four. A most interesting chapter in the volumes of MM. Perrot and Chipiez is headed with the proposition:—"That Egyptian art did not escape the law of change, and that its history may therefore be written." The chapter which follows is an endeavour to dispel the erroneous idea, which originated in Greece, that Egyptian art stood still during three thousand years. The authors, of course, being French, do not cite any English testimony to this effect, but they echo Mariette's protest against M. Renan's notion that ancient Egypt was "a sort of China, walled and fortified against the exterior world." MM. Perrot and Chipiez do not press their views very far, and have evidently never entertained the idea lately put forward by Mr. Flinders Petrie, that what we generally look upon as typical Egyptian art is not Egyptian but Semitic, and that the only genuine examples of what the native race could do are comprised in the splendid and life-like sculptures and paintings of the Pyramid period, which is practically unrepresented in our museums, and can only be adequately studied at Boulak.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE number of readable books upon our list for the current month is exceptionally small; but one or two among them are, in their several characters, exceptionally valuable or meritorious. The great Geological Atlas of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado (1), forming an appendage to one volume of the Reports of the general Survey of the West, is one of those magnificent works in which the Government Press at Washington has no rival in the world. Produced by men whose whole lives and energies are devoted to their professional duties—men of science, employed by the Federal Government in that capacity, and encouraged to pursue their investigations at the national expense with exclusive regard to the thoroughness and completeness of their work—monographs of this sort are elaborated with an utter indifference not merely to labour but to cost which is rarely possible to the most fortunate devotees of science or the wealthiest of scientific societies. They are executed with a skill and care beyond all praise, in a style worthy of their intrinsic merits, without regard to their pecuniary value, or even to the amount of public interest they are likely to excite. Thus volumes dealing with a single district from the standpoint of a single science often contain the results of long years of patient and elaborate study; and nothing that can elucidate the text—maps, plates, panoramas, sketches, elaborately got up, admirably printed, and exquisitely coloured—is grudged either by the authors or their employers. The present work will be received as a technical treasure of the highest value by scientific libraries; while the Atlas is beautiful enough to be the ornament of a drawing-room table. The Cañons of the Colorado are among the giant wonders of the world; no less marvellous in scale, striking in appearance, and even more significant and amazing as monuments of the world's vast age and the action of immemorial natural forces, than the Falls of Niagara or the Mammoth Cave. Mile after mile the narrow stream winds along between perpendicular walls, gradually carved by its own slow wearing influence, varying from five hundred to a thousand feet in height. At the bottom of these long narrow gorges there is but two or three hours' daylight in the twenty-four; the river has vanished from the living surface of the world more completely than that in which are found the eyeless fish of the great Cave. The summits of the gigantic walls, like the upper edges of the precipitous cliffs of Niagara, or the banks of ordinary streams, are on a level with, or somewhat below, the surrounding country; a country whose desert barrenness testifies to the effects of this gigantic system of deep drainage, whose strange features, carved rocks, temple-like mountains, pillars, terraces, stretching for miles on miles in every direction, bear witness to the operation above ground, in ages that seem infinitely remote even on the geological scale, of the same streams that have for millions of years chosen for themselves a practically subterranean channel. The views and panoramas of this strange scenery must interest the least scientific reader; the geological maps show in the clearest manner the structure of the strata whose several depths, one above another, rise to the height of the loftiest terraces, and sink one beneath another to the very bottom of the cañons. The line of the river winds almost invariably through a narrow, oddly-shaped belt of dark yellow, marking the primeval rocks to which it has at last descended; the arrangement of the several coloured bands

and masses that mark successively higher levels seem to indicate that the strata, originally laid down uniformly and little disturbed, have simply been worn away one by one as the waters narrowed and deepened their bed. Nearly a quarter of a century ago we reviewed in these columns the records of the first systematic exploration of the river-valley. As long a time may pass before, on its present scale, the work of examining and describing the marvellous plateau, a thousand feet above, to which the waters once belonged and which they have shaped into its present extraordinary contour, ceases to occupy the official geologists of the United States.

Admiral Preble's History of Steam Navigation (2) is marked by the usual characteristics of American works of this kind; great painstaking, careful research, within certain limits, as remarkable as the want of fuller and deeper information; a complete mastery of the recent, and especially of the American, records of progressive invention and improvement, with that want of proportion, that elaboration of trivial details, which is apt to render even first-rate American treatises on special subjects such very tedious reading. With all its merits the book is eminently unreadable; and yet its materials are full of historical, personal, and scientific interest; it contains a quantity of curious and original information; it would render the man who had the patience to study it thoroughly well acquainted with one of the most instructive and striking branches of recent material progress. At the beginning of the present century steam navigation was the dream of a few enthusiasts or projectors; more than a third of it passed before a steamship crossed the Atlantic; and even in 1854 the war navies of England and France consisted in large part of sailing-vessels, though these employed steamers to tow them to their places at the abortive bombardment of Sebastopol. The substitution of steam for sails as the one effective reliance of ocean-going vessels has taken place within the memory of men still young; how recent and how rapid the process has been Admiral Preble opportunely reminds us.

The name of Mr. Josiah Quincy will command no common interest for a volume of reminiscences extending over some sixty-four eventful years (3). In this country, as in America and in France, the name is an old and a distinguished one, and Mr. Quincy's connexion with the colonial aristocracy of Massachusetts, with the families which in that State still maintain a social, if not a political, position worthy of their old reputation, gives a peculiar value to these recollections of the eminent men, American and foreign, with whom at a very early age and throughout his life he was brought into more or less intimate relations. For nearly sixty-four years, he informs us, he kept journals, in which of course he has set down particulars of the more remarkable incidents and conversations in which he took part, or of which he was a silent but intelligent witness. The work recalls conversations with the elder Adams, as well as with his even more distinguished son, whose second name preserves the memory of the intimate connexion between the families. From Adams the elder it passes to Lafayette, whose visit to Boston in 1824 was one of the most exciting events of Mr. Quincy's youth. Among the intimates of his manhood were men like Judge Story, the greatest constitutional jurist of the United States; John Randolph, of Virginia, a name little known in this country, but famous in his own—the Roebuck or Lord Grey of his time, but even more discontented and far more distinguished in his discontent than either; Judge Washington, the nephew and adopted child of the first President; and all the principal figures of Washington society and politics from 1824 downwards. The interest of the reminiscences, however, centres upon the writer's earlier years. Of the great struggle which more and more absorbed the attention of all interested in American affairs between 1830 and 1860, and of the Civil War in which it culminated, the author has comparatively little to tell us, and almost nothing that is new or interesting. But as a sketch of American life some fifty or sixty years ago, containing full-length portraits or mere hasty outlines of the principal men of the day, the memoirs will be read with no common satisfaction. They are modest and quiet, sensible, dignified in tone and style, and will command for the writer the respect of all English readers. The book may perhaps be not the less acceptable even to his countrymen on account of merits comparatively rare, especially in the biographical or autobiographical literature of the States.

The practice, increasingly common in America, of writing a man's life before its conclusion is open to many and very serious objections. There is little or nothing in any of the American biographies of this kind, many of which have recently come under our notice, to reconcile the English public to a practice objectionable in itself and obviously tending to the growth of literary cliques, "mutual admiration," and exaggerated panegyric. Something might perhaps be said for political memoirs written *pendente vita*. Even in this country the earlier career of a great Minister is half forgotten by the younger generation which looks up to him at the culminating point of his greatness with profound admiration; and in America the youth and prime of a distinguished statesman are often lost in obscurity. But there seems no earthly reason why the biography of a poet, a journalist, or an historian

(1) *United States Geological Survey*. J. W. Powell, Director. Atlas to accompany the Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District. Captain Clarence E. Dutton, U.S.A.—*Monographs of the United States Geological Society: Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District*; with Atlas. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(2) *A Chronological History of the Origin and Development of Steam Navigation*. 1543-1882. By George Henry Preble, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N. Philadelphia: Hamersley & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(3) *Figures of the Past, from Leaves of Old Journals*. By Josiah Quincy, Class of 1821 Harvard College. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

should be written while the man is still living. We want to know—we have a right to know—not the man himself, but his works, and delicacy and good taste at least seem to require that the unworthy curiosity so severely stigmatized by Mr. Tennyson, so odious to the higher and nobler order of writers and thinkers, should at least be kept in abeyance till its object is beyond the reach whether of obloquy or of flattery. As yet memoirs of this sort have for the most part been written by personal friends or profound admirers, but it is obvious that, should the practice once become established, the right can no longer be reserved exclusively to these. Hostile critics and personal enemies will put in their claim, and no man who has given to the public a work successful enough to interest friends and provoke enemies will be safe from the most offensive and intolerable kind of personal attacks made under the supposed privileges of biography. There is nothing in the personality of Mr. Wendell Holmes, and little in the special character of his works, to render a personal biography of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table necessary or desirable (4). At any rate the public—in this country at least, and, we believe, in his own—could very well wait for the day when it can expect nothing more from his own pen to learn what his friends and admirers thought of him, what sort of a man he seemed to those who enjoyed his personal intimacy.

We noticed not long ago the first part of *The American Citizen's Manual*. The second is now before us (5), and if in some respects less interesting, it is distinctly more valuable and instructive. The first of these two modest volumes dealt with the relations of the State and Federal Governments to one another and to foreign Powers—questions upon which Englishmen interested in American affairs have at least a general knowledge, and with regard to which the writer could not have much to say that was not known to well-informed men in both countries. In the present volume he deals much more with details upon which even well-informed men are comparatively ignorant. There seems to be a certain want of accuracy in the arrangement which puts the protection of life and property under a separate heading, seeing that this is in the main a function of the State, and, when exercised by the Federal Government, is exercised in virtue of rights which properly fall under other headings. But, on the whole, the arrangement is clear, logical, and convenient. The special powers of the Federal Government, the functions of the States, and their finances, are dealt with in distinct chapters and under their several titles. With the rights of the first and the functions which bring it into contact with foreign nations or with foreign merchants—its powers for war, for making treaties, and for the regulation of commerce—many of our readers are tolerably familiar; but the laws with regard to post-offices and post-roads, the powers claimed for the Federal authority in relation to internal improvements, and the encouragement of railways, the deepening of rivers, the making of harbours and canals—these are questions of the highest practical importance; questions which have led to long and bitter controversies, which involve the keenest party feeling, and the fundamental principles of Federal policy; and upon these the author gives us not a little new and curious information. His method does not allow him to enforce and exemplify his statements by detailed instances; but where we know enough to follow and check him we find him, on the whole, both accurate and moderate. The chapter on State Finances will perhaps, to English readers at least, be the most valuable of all. There is no part of American politics so little understood in this country, and none which affects more deeply the practical welfare of the citizen and the emigrant.

Mr. Van Dyke's critics will be grateful to him for the brevity of a work (6) which they must read, and for which they can hardly care much. Those readers who take up his little treatise in hopes of finding real guidance, suggestion, and information therein will be inevitably disappointed. No man, however terse his style, however condensed his thought, can possibly, within 150 duodecimo pages of somewhat large print, instruct the "general reader" (if such a person there be) what books to read and how to use them. Mr. Van Dyke's instructions under the first head are somewhat too general and theoretical to be of service even to the most docile student, if he is one who really knows his own purpose and the study he desires to pursue. Upon the manner of reading he has somewhat more to say, but little that will be of practical service; each reader having, and finding out for himself, that way of reading which suits best his own powers and his own objects—rules intended for all being practically useful to none.

Mr. Burnham's elaborate treatise (7) on Limestones and Marbles is neither strictly geological nor strictly practical. It is intended neither exclusively for scientific students, nor for builders and decorators, but deals with the subject in both aspects, describing at great length not only the fossils generally found in each kind of marble or limestone, but the special merits and beauties of each as a building material. It is too technical a work for the general reader, hardly, we should have thought, technical enough to satisfy

the requirements of the scientific mineralogist or of the practical worker.

A collection of all the lectures on a given subject delivered in a particular University during a single term may have interest for the deliverers and hearers, or perhaps for the wider circle of past and present pupils of the institution; but the idea hardly commends itself to the impartial critic, and we fear that the *Concord Lectures on Philosophy* (8), or rather the outlines of all the lectures delivered in the Philosophical School in 1882, will find few readers, and probably still fewer purchasers.

Mr. Foster's brief treatise on *Libraries and Readers* (9) seems likely to be in some respects of practicable service, but has much the same weakness we find in Mr. Van Dyke's work—a weakness, perhaps, inseparable from the nature of the task which both have attempted, and have attempted within equally narrow limits.

Fanchette (10) is a romance of somewhat extravagant tone and character, but perhaps not the less readable on that account.

The Hill of Stones (11), and still more one or two of its companions, suggest that the author, with greater pains and much more critical severity towards his own work, might produce something really deserving the name of poetry. In this little volume there are some spirited, some forcible, and not a few pretty verses, but not a page which satisfies even an uncritical reader's task, not a piece in which there are not faults of prosaism, carelessness, or sheer slovenliness that spoil the whole.

Mr. Schermerhorn's *Sacred Scriptures of the World* (12), a professed collection of passages from the sacred books of all civilized races, promised to be interesting, if somewhat incongruous; but a very brief inspection of the contents disappointed whatever hopes we might have entertained. Three-fourths of the volume consist of selections from the Old and New Testament. By far the greater part of the rest is filled up with extracts from Greek and Latin philosophers, whose writings can be called Scriptures only in that sense in which the two words are literally equivalent. Of Scriptures proper, such as the Zendavesta, the Koran, and the Vedas, we have a few scraps, no more. In a word, the volume contains little or nothing of that which its title promises, and which many readers might have been glad to peruse—the choicer passages of those books which served to guide the faith, the morals, and the laws of Eastern nations for ages before they had ever been brought into contact with the religion or the civilization that grew up on the shores of the Mediterranean. What we find is either out of place or so easily accessible elsewhere that it was absurd to reprint it in a volume like the present.

Mr. Lea's *Studies in Church History* (13) lie somewhat outside the scope of an article like the present; but, without trespassing on matters ecclesiastical, we may say that they deal at great length, and apparently with much care, and as the result of long and well-directed research, with many of the most interesting controversies of the ancient and mediæval Church; and that they contain much information that will be new at any rate to all but ecclesiastical scholars. The papers on primitive discipline and on the abuse of excommunication in later times contain a mass of curious and interesting particulars which will fix the attention of the reader who dips into them, however hastily, and will give to many a clearer idea than they have ever before entertained of the abuses of power which led to the great revolt of the Reformation, and to many of those revolts, less famous because unsuccessful, which preceded it.

Mr. Corning's little treatise on *Brain Rest* (14) is too technical for the general reader—a fact the more to be regretted that it contains many suggestions which every brain-worker who has suffered from attacks of sleeplessness and over-taxed nerves will recognize as sound and serviceable.

(8) *Concord Lectures on Philosophy; comprising Outlines of all the Lectures at the Concord Summer School of Philosophy in 1882; with an Historical Sketch.* Collected and arranged by Raymond L. Bridgman. Revised by the several Lecturers. Approved by the Faculty. Cambridge, Mass.: Moses King. London: Trübner & Co.

(9) *Libraries and Readers.* By William E. Foster, Librarian of the Providence Public Library. New York: F. Leypoldt. 1883.

(10) *Fanchette.* By One of her Admirers. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(11) *The Hill of Stones; and other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

(12) *Sacred Scriptures of the World; being Selections of the most Devotional and Ethical Portions of the Ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; to which have been added Kindred Selections from other Ancient Scriptures of the World.* By the Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

(13) *Studies in Church History.* By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: Lea, Son, & Co. 1883.

(14) *Brain Rest.* By J. Leonard Corning, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

Miss Slade, the translator of Marlitt's novel, "*The Little Princess*," which was noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 5th instant, writes to us to complain of some errors inadvertently committed by the reviewer. The most material of these is the statement that the heroine "marries her uncle"; the fact being, as Miss Slade correctly points out, that the person referred to is not the heroine's uncle, nor in any way related to her, although on one occasion she addresses him as "Uncle" because she imagines that he is going to marry her aunt.

(4) *Oliver Wendell Holmes, Poet, Litterateur, Scientist.* By William Sloane Kennedy. Boston: Cassino & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(5) *The American Citizen's Manual.* Part II. The Functions of Governments (State and Federal). By Worthington C. Ford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

(6) *Books, and How to Use Them: some Hints to Readers and Students.* By J. C. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(7) *History and Uses of Limestones and Marbles.* By S. M. Burnham. With Forty-eight Chromo-lithographs. Boston: Cassino & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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May 1, 1883.

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The office of HEAD-MASTER of the School will become vacant in August next, and the Governing Body of the School will proceed to elect a HEAD-MASTER in the month of July. Candidates are requested to forward their applications, accompanied by Testimonials, on or before June 3 next, to the undersigned, from whom particulars of the tenure and emoluments of the office may be procured by written application on or after the 13th instant.

HORACE W. SMITH,

40 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Secretary to the Governing Body.

May 10, 1883.

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